

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

THE BEST OF
AMERICAN LIFE
IN FICTION FACT
AND COMMENT

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A LITTLE HEROINE OF THE SEAS



Chapter One. What became of Molly's baby

"WHAT became of Molly's baby?" has been asked by so many readers of *The Youth's Companion* that I shall try to answer the question. In truth I would have answered it long ago except for having to send to Honolulu to get the particulars of her subsequent history. At last the information has come, and moreover the permission to use it.

As not a few of our older readers remember, Molly's baby was the little orphan girl whom my cousin Addison rescued from among the Eskimos and brought home to the old farm in Maine after her mother—Molly Linscott—had lost her life in such painful circumstances at the "Jaws" of the Great Whale River in the Hudson Bay region.

Molly Linscott was that fine, great-hearted cousin of ours who five years before had come home to the old squire's with Theodora and me after our memorable trip to Uncle Dresser's funeral. Uncle Dresser had left his property to Molly,—his niece,—who had taken care of him; but his brothers were trying to break the will. Afterwards Molly lived with us three years until her marriage to Herbert Linscott, the youthful captain of a whaler that was about to make a two years' voyage to Hudson Bay. Little Molly was born up there in the north during the voyage.

The Linscotts were an old whaling family of New England, who fitted out at New Bedford, Nantucket or Sag Harbor, generally for the Pacific and Arctic oceans. But after the memorable disaster of 1871 to the whaling fleet in the Arctic young Capt. Herbert Linscott had resolved to try a trip to Hudson Bay—an ill-starred voyage indeed, since it resulted not only in the loss of his vessel but in that of Molly's life and his own.

Never shall I forget the joy that



Fires were crackling merrily

DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN

prevailed at the old squire's when Addison finally came home bringing little Molly with him. Grandmother Ruth and the girls alternately laughed and cried over her, for she had her mother's abundant, rich auburn hair and the same broad forehead and wide-apart eyes—only, instead of gray eyes like Molly's, she had eyes of a dark hazel like her father's.

Molly was with us at the old farm for five years; the picture here given of her was taken when she was nearly six years old after Grandmother Ruth had dressed her to go to the village photographer's, curled her hair in old-fashioned ringlets and put that quaint string of beads round her neck. I think, too, that the dear old lady must have impressed that demure look on the child's usually laughing face in honor of the occasion. Little Molly was then rather plump and short, but afterwards grew quite tall and strong.

From the time she was three years old she seemed to me to be constantly singing as she ran about the old farm. Instead of "little snowbird" we came to call her "little singing bird." She had unusual musical talent. I never saw a child with so tender a heart. Her sympathy for those who suffered was unbounded; there was nothing she would not do to comfort them. But if any danger arose, she was brave as a soldier. Once one evening in the winter after grandmother had retired for the night the sitting-room chimney burned out; blazing cinders fell on the roof, the shingles of which took fire, and for a few minutes—till Halstead climbed up with a bucket of water—there was danger that the old farmhouse would burn. Was little Molly terrified? Not a bit of it. Her first thought was for grandmother. She sped to the old lady's room. "Dwess twick, gwam!" she cried and, fetching her gown and shoes, caught up her precious workbasket, to save that.

Addison was Molly's particular idol. That was only natural, I suppose, since he had found her up in the far north and had cared for her week after week on their long voyage home from Hudson Bay. He was now at Cambridge, but used to send her little letters every week or so. The child quite lived in anticipation of those letters and of his homecoming at vacation. "Will Naddy tum next week?" she usually asked us all every day or two; and throughout the autumn she was thoughtfully saving up mellow apples and plums for him and especially a box of honey from the beehives.

Once, to tease her, Halstead said at the supper table, "Ad doesn't care a snap for you, Molly." She sat very still for a time, then slipped from her chair and, going round to grandmother, hid her face and burst out crying. Theodora had no small ado to disabuse her mind of that terrible thought. The old squire, I recollect, spoke very sharply to Halstead.

Molly became much attached to Theodora and Ellen too, and they, in turn, loved her dearly; she seemed to be a child without a single bad quality! After Theodora had gone West to teach the Indian girls' school at St. John's Mission in South Dakota, and later, when Ellen had married and gone to North Dakota to live, I suppose little Molly felt somewhat lonesome at the old farm. I remember that she roamed round a great deal. She was, indeed, a born roamer and dearly loved to set off on any sort of long excursion where new sights were to be seen—a trait inherited perhaps from her seagoing folk.

When at last Ellen came home on a visit from the West and was with us for a month the child grew very fond of her again, and when Ellen went, she wanted to go home with her. I have always half believed that Nell

By C.A.
Stephens



fostered the idea and drew alluring pictures of life in the West. Both the old squire and grandmother had all along expected that little Molly would make her home with us; and so had Addison, though he was now employed as a mining expert and seldom came home. Little Molly wanted to go home with Ellen so much, however, that the old squire consented to let her go—for a year.

I had no idea the old farmhouse could be so lonely as it seemed after they left us; and poor grandmother, I am sure, felt even more lonely than the old squire and I felt. For two or three weeks it was downright dismal there! All the sunshine seemed to have left us; and when at last Addison came home he fairly raged over it. Nell afterwards told me that he wrote her "an awful letter" about it.

Still we thought then Molly would be gone only a year, which would soon pass. But, alas, it proved a far longer visit.

Some months after Ellen had returned to Dakota Capt. John Linscott and his wife visited her. The whole family of Linscotts were then living in San Francisco and making whaling voyages to the North Pacific. Captain John was three-fourths owner of the brig *Caleb Norcross* and after transferring his business from Sag Harbor to San Francisco had been unusually prosperous. He was a likable man of a merry disposition. Little Molly took a great fancy to him, as well as to Aunt Ophelia, his wife, who was a quiet, doll-like little woman and very nearsighted. Captain John, it will be remembered, was Molly's father's older brother and her own uncle. The Linscotts were, indeed, much nearer related to Molly than our folks at the old farm in Maine were.

So Molly went to San Francisco.

Ellen was so mortified—perhaps, too, a little conscience-stricken—that she did not write to tell us the news for nearly two months. Her tardy letter was the first we knew of Molly's going from Dakota. It gave us all a shock, grandmother in particular. "I shall never see her again!" the old lady exclaimed and sat down and cried. San Francisco was a long way off in those days; and in point of fact Grandmother Ruth never did see little Molly again. As for Addison, when he came home he felt woefully bereaved and more indignant than ever with Nell.

That was almost the last of little Molly for us at the old farm. The Linscotts did not often write to us; and a child's mind is soon diverted by new surroundings. Besides, they went off on a voyage to Bering Sea the following spring and took Molly with them. It seemed destined that, like her mother, the child should "follow the seas," as our old New England people quaintly expressed it.

On the Linscotts' return to port in November, however, they sent Molly to school and gave her every opportunity for musical instruction that San Francisco afforded. I may add here that Addison and the old squire had intended to have her taught at the Conservatory of Music in Boston and afterwards to send her to study music abroad. Addison never ceased to fret over his disappointment in that matter. For a year or two he was threatening at times to go to San Francisco and take Molly away from the Linscotts. "Didn't I spend a whole year searching for her up north?" he was wont to exclaim. "Didn't I fetch her home? If I hadn't, she would be up there now, living among the Huskies!" The strangely pathetic circumstances that surrounded his finding her after her mother's death had greatly endeared her to him. Except that he was so fully engrossed in his new profession I think he would have gone as he threatened. What would have happened in San Francisco, if he had gone, I am sure I don't know, but I rather think that little Molly would have come home with him. She quite worshiped "Naddy."

We heard from her infrequently during the next five or six years. She was at school, she was studying music, she took part in certain public musicales in San Francisco. They sent us her photograph as she looked on the eve of one of those entertainments. It was a side view and gave us no very good idea of her; but I reproduce it here.

She also went on another whaling voyage with Captain Linscott and his wife, this time to the Arctic by way of Bering Strait. Whalers had now begun to go to the Arctic again. After the great disasters to the whaling fleet in the seventies, whaling in that ocean was for ten years almost wholly given up as being too hazardous. But by 1887 certain bold spirits in the business began to venture up there again and found whales in plenty. Among them was Captain Linscott in the old Caleb Norcross, and Aunt Ophelia and little Molly accompanied him. He made a remarkably good voyage that first year. During August and September the ice remained offshore. There was open water from Cape Lisburne northward around Point Barrow. Whales were almost constantly in sight, and their "singing" was heard every day. During the voyage northward four hundred and eighty-five barrels of sperm oil were made, and later in the Arctic thirteen hundred and eleven barrels of whale oil. Fourteen thousand and ninety pounds of whalebone were obtained. At the prices then prevailing the trip netted the Linscotts more than a hundred thousand dollars.

Molly, who was now in her sixteenth year, appeared to have become an enthusiastic whaler and was her Uncle John's "right-hand man." She kept his accounts, wrote up the log book, looked after supplies and helped generally. She and Aunt Ophelia had a cabin and dining room well fitted up aboard the old brig; by that time, too, both of them were inured to the discomforts of the sea.

The Linscotts did so well that season that they were encouraged to make a second venture and the next spring outfitted to go north again. In place of the old harpoons, hempen lines and lances formerly used the Norcross was equipped with a steam launch and a bomb gun for shooting whales and also steel cables and many other of the more modern appliances of whale hunting.

The brig reached its former whaling grounds to the northeast of Cape Lisburne on August 17, and for two weeks they had even better success than they had had during the previous year. They laid in fully two thousand barrels of oil and a large quantity of bone. Three other whalers that had gone north that year, the Chimborazo, the William

Crane and the Golden Eagle, were whaling near them and reported equally good success.

But such fine fortune was quite too good to last in the Arctic. It seemed as if that capricious ocean had merely been luring the whalers back in order to entrap them again.

In the Arctic, along the north coast of Alaska from Icy Cape up past Point Barrow and thence on eastward as far as Demarcation Point, Herschel Island and the delta of the Mackenzie, there are always vast ice floes, fields of floating ice, that in summer move back from the coast and leave a belt of open water several miles wide all along the shore. It is in that open water that whales have been found in such numbers that four thousand have been taken in a single season.

By the last of September, however, northerly gales begin to drive the ice fields down upon the coast again. The whaling season is therefore short there. Early in August the whalers were wont to make their way northward, past Cape Lisburne, to enter this magic belt of open sea and make their season's catch in the course of the next few weeks, and then to steal away before the ice cut off their escape. Sometimes for several summers they were able to accomplish the feat and get away richly laden with oil and whalebone. Then would come a season, as in 1871 and 1876, when the fateful ice came driving back earlier than usual and caught them suddenly as if in a vise. Nothing would then remain except to abandon their vessels and escape as best they could, generally in whale ships that had not ventured north of Icy Cape.

In the great disaster of 1871 more than thirty whalers—ships, barks and brigs—with their cargoes of oil and bone, valued at several millions of dollars, were abandoned by their crews, left to their fate in the on-coming Arctic winter, and either crushed in the ice or despoiled and burned by the Inuit (Eskimos) of that coast, who look upon a disaster to the whalers as a godsend.

In 1871 the crews escaped after many hardships; but in 1876 there was pitiable suffering and loss of life. One sailor who resolved to remain up there and winter on board his ship was rescued the following year and gave a graphic account of the destruction of the vessels and of the ill-treatment he had received from the natives, who were twice on the point of putting him to death.

Besides the three whalers already mentioned that accompanied the Caleb Norcross in 1888,—the year of our present narrative,—there were two others, the Winona and the George Hyde, that went no farther north than Point Belcher and the head of "the great lagoon," thirty miles or so below Point Barrow. But the Norcross got the most of its catch in the open water just off Cape Halkett,

perhaps sixty miles to eastward of the last-named point, which is the land farthest north on that coast. After passing Point Barrow, the shore stretches southeasterly again to Demarcation Point, where Dominion territory begins. A good map of Alaska will help the reader to follow what occurred. The writer has never been on the Alaskan coast himself. What follows is in part the information and details sent him from Honolulu.

On the last day of August the whalers were lying moored to the edge of the ice fields from five to eight miles offshore and from one to three miles apart. Here and there whales were breaking water and blowing. Not less than a dozen boats were out chasing them, making fresh captures, while aboard all the ships the business of cutting in and boiling down was being rushed as fast as possible.

The Norcross carried a crew of twenty-one sailors besides Mr. Sanders, the mate, and a Chinese cook they called "Sam." Several of the men were Kanakas from the South Pacific islands; there were also one or more Japanese. The other whalers were manned by similar crews, the best that could then be hired at San Francisco.

Every ship had now one or more dead whales chained up alongside. "Spades" were plied and blocks rattled as huge "blankets" of blubber were cleaved from the carcasses

and swung inboard. Under the great try kettles fires were crackling merrily, and the smoke was rising high into the misty heavens; streams of hot oil were pouring into the cooler, ready for the casks below. Farther aft long slabs of stringy whalebone, or baleen, were being laboriously pried from the wide-propped jaws of the defunct monsters. Whalebone was then worth three dollars a pound; and one right whale's head would often furnish a thousand weight of it.

Little bidarkas, each paddled by a native; and here and there a bidar in which were a dozen broadly-grinning women, were constantly coming off to the ships to beg for the surplus whale meat after the blubber was removed, or paddling slowly back ashore heavily loaded with the reeking flesh. It was a busy, a barbaric, scene; supervising it all was Captain John, striding fore and aft, shouting his orders, and little Molly was running to and fro, here and there and all about, to assist him. For this was the rush time, those few precious weeks of the Arctic season.

Ten days more of such good luck and the venturesome whale hunters would slip out past lonely Point Barrow, scud down by towering Cape Lisburne, clear the foggy strait and then set sail for Frisco and home!

Ten more days if their luck held—but that treacherous sea had still to be reckoned with!

TO BE CONTINUED.

IN THE NICK OF TIME

By Mather Brooks

IT was mid-afternoon. The army aeroplane at El Paso was still a hundred miles away. It was a hundred miles of slightly rolling mesquite-covered ground, roughened in places by an occasional range of low, rocky hills. There were so few cleared spaces that it was a dangerous country to fly over, and the pilots of the four aeroplanes in the diamond-shaped formation that droned lazily westward were glad that the distance to El Paso was the last part of the five hundred miles of the air route from San Antonio. They had been flying against a stiff wind since leaving San Antonio that morning and looked forward with relief to the completion of the tiresome journey. The planes carried no observers; the rear cockpits were ballasted with sandbags. All four machines were spick-and-span and new, and were being "ferried," or delivered by air, to the squadron stationed at



El Paso for the use on the patrols along the Mexican border.

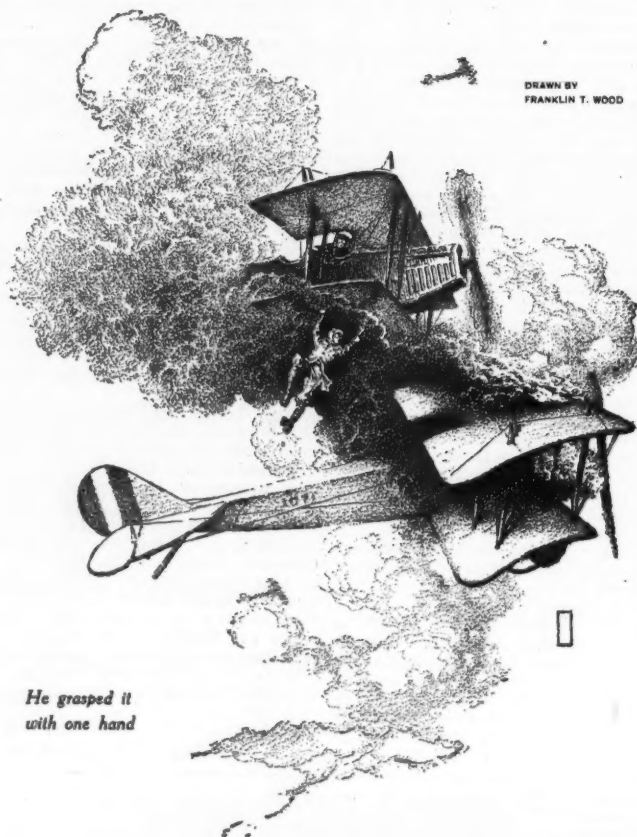
Lieutenant Hardy, who was flying the leading plane in the formation, was the only member of the quartette who was in other than good spirits. He was annoyed. The big motor in front of him was missing fire occasionally. At frequent intervals there would be a short break in the smooth roar of explosions, and the motor would sputter for a few seconds before again taking up its deep-throated song. It was not enough of a miss to cause the plane to lose speed, but it was enough to keep the pilot speculating busily as to the cause and hoping that the miss would not become worse. That miss was slightly wearing on his nerves, especially as there was no possible landing field within many miles. Serious motor trouble meant a probable wreck in landing on the rough ground below. Hardy was somewhat reassured by the knowledge that the motor was new and that there was little likelihood of anything's going radically wrong with it. Even that, however, afforded him small satisfaction, for no good pilot enjoys hearing a motor miss under any circumstances. Had he known that a joint in the gasoline feed line to the carburetors had loosened, allowing a steady stream of highly combustible fuel to leak down between the banks of the cylinders, he would have been more uneasy still.

That was what had happened, and the miss in the operation of the motor was caused by lack of gasoline. The aeroplane was new, and the connection, which was tight at the start, had worked loose with the vibration of the six-hour flight.

As the formation neared El Paso the leak increased in size and the motor back-fired through the carburetor because of the lean mixture. Slightly surprised, the pilot quickly closed the throttle, then slowly opened it, and the motor resumed its normal operation. But only for a minute. Then it back-fired again. As he was closing the throttle the second time Hardy saw something that made every hair on his scalp prickle—a long sheet of flame curling sinuously back over the gasoline tank.

Almost automatically he snapped off the ignition and closed the gasoline feed, meanwhile gliding the plane at its slowest speed toward the mesquite forest below him.

The very nearness of one of the worst perils known to the airman aided Hardy to recover from the first rush of fear and calmly consider a plan of action. He knew that it would be death to dive the plane toward the ground, for the rush of air would carry the flames back where they would ignite the wings and then the entire plane. Once the wings were on fire it would take less than twenty seconds for the entire covering to be consumed. His best course was to hold the machine in a partial stall and let



it settle toward the ground while traveling forward at its minimum speed. Thus he would be in the least danger, for the fire would be confined temporarily to the engine compartment. The earth was still three thousand feet away, and if he could settle down near enough to attempt a landing anywhere before the wings began to blaze he would have a fighting chance for his life. Hardy was under no illusions regarding his predicament. He knew that in his present position he had only a bare chance of surviving. That fact, which would have been enough to render some men useless with fear, served as a spur to Hardy. He was a born fighter. Instead of becoming panic-stricken he simply gritted his teeth in silence and settled himself to fight to the finish.

In a short time he began to feel uncomfortably warm. The heat rapidly increased. Although screened to a certain extent by the cockpit and gasoline tank, Hardy felt as if some one were playing a gigantic blow-torch near his face. With fearful fascination he watched the flames as they licked at the ply wood that covered the gasoline tank, scarcely a yard away. After what seemed an eternity he shifted his gaze and noticed that the altimeter registered two thousand feet. He had descended one third of the distance to the ground. The remainder seemed immeasurably long. Yet the plane was settling rapidly. Once it dropped suddenly for a hundred feet before it gained sufficient speed to answer sluggishly to the controls and check somewhat the rate of descent. Every fibre of Hardy's body was concentrated on the task of flying the machine as slowly as possible without falling into a tail spin. If the burning aeroplane ever slipped into a spin, he knew that there would be no hope for his life.

The fire began to spread. The perspiration ran down Hardy's face in streams. It covered his goggles, which were so hot round the edges that they almost burned the skin about his eyes, and partly blinded him. He resisted with difficulty the impulse to tear them off, for he knew that, painful as they were, they protected his eyeballs against the flames.

He could dimly hear the motors of the other planes as they circled above him. Although they were absolutely helpless to aid him, he was glad that they were near. Oddly enough, he found himself pitying his best friend and roommate, Rawlins, who he knew was watching the burning plane and suffering mental agonies because he was unable to be of any assistance. The next moment he forgot his friends in the intense heat that made itself felt as the fire gathered headway. The nose of the plane was burning steadily and the moving wall of flame was traveling toward him, inch by inch. It was almost within reach. Seizing the small fire extinguisher from its clip on the dashboard, he gripped the handle with his teeth and, controlling the plane with his right hand, managed to spray the cockpit and the top of the fuselage in front of him with the liquid, thus protecting himself to a small extent. The feeble stream was of little avail against the flames. He succeeded in quenching only a tiny part of the conflagration before the liquid was exhausted. As he hurled the useless extinguisher over the side he heard the sound of a motor very near at hand, and one of the planes swept by just above him. It passed so close that the churned air from its propeller caused the burning plane to rock drunkenly and threw an acrid, stinging sheet of flame and smoke into Hardy's face.

One thousand feet more! Hardy wondered hazily whether he should ever reach the ground. The upper wing was burning in spots now and the flames were working relentlessly toward him. His lungs were in agony. Gasping and choking, he had to fight for every breath. The hair on the back of his hands was burned to the skin, which was stinging so that he wanted to cry out with the pain. His leather helmet, shriveling with the heat, was gripping his head like a cap of steel. The plane was becoming increasingly harder to control. The pilot's determination wavered against the almost overpowering impulse to jump over the side. Anything to be free of the terrible heat! The upper wing began to blaze brightly. Against his will, Hardy's fingers fumbled at the clasp of his safety belt. He half stood up.

And then he heard the sound of a motor again, and a plane loomed, ghostlike, through the smoke. It flew to the left and slightly above him. The tip of the right wing came within ten feet of the cockpit. Hardy could dimly make out the face of Rawlins, strangely white, as he peered over the side of the pilot's cockpit. Rawlins pointed to the wing tip and motioned frantically. The plane came still closer. At last Hardy understood.

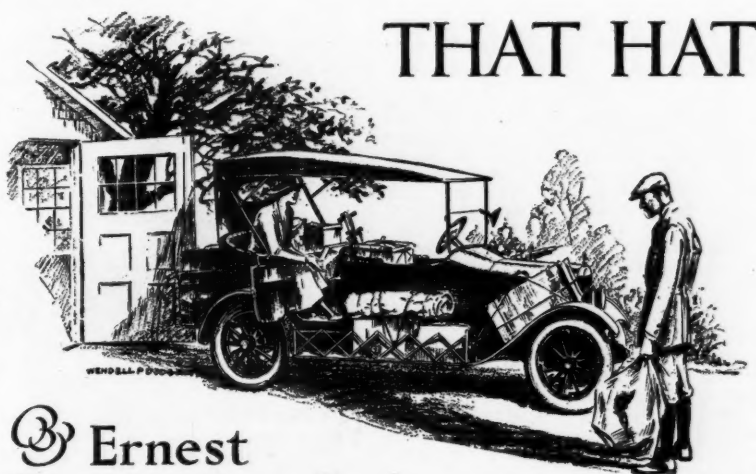
As the wing seemed to hover just above him, Hardy clambered back to the flat top of the fuselage and, standing upright, reached up for the small metal skid on the under side of the lower right wing tip. His fingers touched it, but he could not grasp it. There passed another eternity while he balanced on the flaming derelict of the air and stretched with all his might for the skid and safety. Just as the plane rolled beneath him he grasped it with one hand. The other quickly followed and with a feeling of almost unbearable relief he drew himself away from the withering heat.

As the burning plane lurched downward Rawlins banked his plane and turned clear of it, carrying the half-unconscious Hardy through the blessedly cool air. It served to revive him and he succeeded in swinging one foot over the skid. As he laboriously raised the other he caught a glimpse of the burning plane plunging cometlike toward the earth. Even as he watched its downward flight, it struck. There was a cloud of black smoke. The sound of the explosion was drowned by the noise of the motor of Rawlins's plane.

It took some time for Hardy to make his way along the edge of the wing to the rear cockpit. Every move was torture. His left hand was so badly burned that it left bits of flesh on some of the struts and wires. The journey was ended at last, and, completely exhausted, he tumbled into the cockpit. He awoke in the officers' ward of the base hospital at El Paso.

Hardy was back on the job in two months. He flies as much as ever, but he spends considerable time inspecting his plane before every flight. He is particularly interested in gasoline lines.

There is a terse entry on the record of Lieut. James Rawlins, which is filed in Washington. It briefly tells his quick action in rescuing his friend. That was the reason why a short time later Rawlins was selected from all of the officers in the Air Service and sent to one of the biggest technical institutes in the country for a course in aeronautical engineering. His training there will put him into line for promotion. The government believes in keeping track of the men who are on the job and who never lose their nerve.



Ernest Elwood Stanford

"If Noah had had a load like this," sighed Sid

"O SID! Will you look here a minute?" Sidney Grover poked his head from under The Car (observe the capitals, please!) and inspected his wife by a process that, in small infants, is known as "looking over his head."

"Mercy, Sid! Don't do that. You'll hurt your eyes."

"Can't, when I'm looking at you," responded Sid gallantly, but flopping nevertheless into a more normal posture. "I suppose I should say, 'Where did you get that hat?'"

"Not at all," retorted Anne promptly. "You should say, 'What a beautiful hat,' with exclamation marks, a lot of 'em."

"What a beautiful hat," echoed the obedient husband, expressing admiration as well as his position and grease-smudged countenance would allow. "Coming to practical politics in view of the present emergency, what are you going to do with it?"

"Take it with me of course. Isn't it a perfect dream!"

Sid rolled out from under The Car, and mustered all his forces for a conflict he knew to be hopeless from its inception.

"And where, pray tell, shall we put it? With a trunk and a suitcase on the trunk rack, a tent and a tire carrier on the side, two suitcases, a hard bag, a roll of blankets and a cooking kit on the inside, to say nothing of yourself, Junior's self and myself, where, oh! where, are we going to stow a hat the size and shape of an Englishman's bathtub? You can't wear it; it would flop to pieces in the first mile. Shall we sling it under the chassis or strap it to the wheel?"

"Don't be silly. I've the lovely big bag it came in. We can put it on top of everything else in the rear seat. There's always room for one thing more."

Sid groaned. "I notice there always is one thing more."

"I've simply got to have it, Sid. You know as well as I do that the one I wear in the car is my last year's hat fixed over, and everybody'll recognize it. It doesn't look well for a family that goes touring round in a car not to have decent clothes. You know what your Aunt Hester said the last time we were there; that you'd better spend less on tires and more on ties. They think we can't afford a car, and you know it. And I saved money

on the hat; you ought to be glad of that. Twelve dollars, marked down from twenty-seven."

"All right," Sid surrendered gracefully. "The hat goes, if we have to put a cork in the radiator and impale it on a pin."

The start next morning was not at the early hour first planned. But at last the suitcases were strapped in their places, the trunk was fastened behind, and a more or less cosy nest fashioned for two-year-old Junior and his mother amid the overflow boxes and parcels that refused at the last minute to confine themselves within the strained walls of the trunk and satchels.

"If Noah had had a load like this," sighed Sid as he viewed the load with the hat bag in his hand, "Barnum & Bailey's would have been a vaudeville show. How about that hat, precious? It was straw that broke the camel's back, you know."

"Pass up the hat," said Anne, wriggling her toes into the luggage underfoot. "It can go on top of the bundles beside me. You must drive carefully, or it'll drop down and get crushed."

"I'd like to pass up nine tenths of the load," muttered Sid as he cranked The Car.



"I must price it"

Anne deigned no reply to his persiflage. The Car passed at length from the crowded streets of the city to the pleasant green level of the Ohio country beyond.

"Oh, but this is restful," sighed Anne, sinking back among her packages. "Good gracious, Sid! What a bump!"

"Only a couple of bricks gone," said Sid over his shoulder. "Did it shake up my sweetness?"

"It shook up mine," said Anne, a trifle crossly. "Slow up, please. It's jarred the packages all loose and my hat's sliding down."

"Only going twenty," protested Sid, but slackening obediently. "We'll have to make the best of good roads while we have 'em."

"There, they're settled again," sighed Anne. "No, wait a minute; Junior's got his feet on my shirt waists. There! All right again. Mercy! What a wind we raise! It'll blow my hat bag clean out of the car."

"No, it won't," replied Sid cheerfully, slipping the gas lever down a couple of notches. "The top supports'll hold it in."

"They'd better. Gracious! Your golf sticks are ramming up into it."

"Well, who wanted to bring those sticks, I'd like to know?"

"You know your Uncle Charlton will want to play with you."

"I've heard you say so," admitted Sid. "I've heard you mention the probable wishes of a number of relatives. Whose vacation is this anyway? Uncle Charlton doesn't care anything about golf; he merely likes to get a fellow out on the links where he can't get away and talk to him about his dyspepsia."

For some miles The Car rolled on with no sound except the humming of the motor. Then:

"Sid, I think you might take this largest pasteboard box in front."

"And have it get in the way of the service brake? No, thanks! Here!"

They were passing through a country town, and Sid drew the car up in front of a grocery store. He climbed laboriously over the left side to avoid the packages stacked on his right and disappeared within. Presently he came out with three large pasteboard cartons.

"What are you going to do with those?"

"You're going to do!" Sid put on his best cave-man air. "Into this one put the things you're taking to impress Aunt Hester. Into this what you're going to wear at Cousin Isabel's. Into this the stuff you're going to put on at Carrie Morton's."

"But, Sid, I—"

"Butter me no buts. In with the stuff, or I'll sort and pack it myself. We'll send it by parcel post."

"Sid, I won't—"

"Yes, you will. Those duds have made you miserable all the morning. They'll spoil the whole trip. We'll be scrapping like street kids before night. Hurry up; there's a dear."

Anne hurried up.

"Can't you chuck that hat in too?"

"Sid, you know I can't. It won't fit. And it would smash, sure."

"Oh, all right. I guess we can stand that. There's room now to wiggle our toes anyway. I'll mail the golf sticks too. The parcel post is a great invention."

"But they'll never get there in time." Anne's voice was almost tearful as she surrendered her bundles.

"So much the better," replied her husband hopefully. "There! We're good for ten miles an hour more at least!"

Sid turned the motor toward the open country, and soon the rutted clay of Pennsylvania replaced the smooth brick of Ohio.

"Thank goodness, you'll have to go slower now," gasped Anne.

"Go slower, but not thank goodness," corrected Sid, and Anne, clutching her hat bag and baby in the lurching, creeping car, accepted the amendment.

Evening found The Car still on earth roads.

"Siddy, I'm tired!" Anne's voice confirmed her words. "There's a nice, pleasant-looking farmhouse. Let's ask if we can camp there for the night."

"Better camp on the open road. Safer. You don't know who lives there. They might steal your hat."

"I can tell from the looks of the house they're nice people. I'd feel so much safer there under those beautiful great trees."

"You couldn't climb 'em," said Sid, but he stopped the motor and, after a few leading questions, asked and received permission to camp in the yard.

"Do you know," said Anne as they pitched their tent for the night, "I think I'll ask those nice people in the house to keep my hat overnight. It might rain and dampen it."

"Do, by all means!" exclaimed Sid with enthusiasm. "I won't stay awake tonight to guard anybody's hat, and I don't want you to."

The morning dawned dark and lowering. "We must put as many miles as possible of this clay behind us before it rains," said Sid, hurrying about the breakfast.

Rain had fallen some minutes when nearly an hour later they came again on a stretch of macadam.

"There!" exclaimed Sid. "Now we'll go again."

"Sid!" It was a voice of tragedy from the rear seat.

"Well?"

"I've forgotten my hat!"

"Good gracious! Have you got the baby?"

"Don't be cruel. However could I have done it? But we hurried so!"

"Oh, never mind." Sid swung the nose of The Car skillfully round. "I always did like these dirt roads. We'll make the most of 'em."

The rain cleared up during the morning, and the day passed without further incident to the recovered hat. That night as they camped in another hospitable farmhouse yard the hat remained in The Car.

The third day saw them skimming through southern New York, and here just before nightfall they arrived at the village home of Aunt Hester, Sidney's foster mother, who had brought him up from babyhood. Aunt Hester was a tall, severe-looking spinster who had in her adopted son and his family a pride as inordinate as it was secret.

"Good gracious! Is that you?" Aunt Hester appeared, somewhat short of breath, in her little white portico. "I didn't expect you for two days; how fast you must have come! I think it's downright cruel to drag a baby like that all over creation in that car! You must be all shook to pieces. Come right in, do! You'll have to excuse the mess things are in; we've got the Methodist fair here in the yard tomorrow, and it's all scattered over the house."

Sid and his family threaded their way through a miscellaneous array of bundles, boxes and parcels stacked up in Aunt Hester's usually well-kept hall, parlor and living room.

"You'll find your room clear anyhow," said Aunt Hester, "except for some parcel post that came for you. Dear knows I never did mean to have this mess turned loose on me again, but Mis' Deacon Pettis took sick at the last minute,—though they do say the doctor's giving her bread pills, and she knows it,—so I had to tell the ladies they could bring the stuff here and have it in my yard again. See what a muss they're making!" Aunt Hester pointed outdoors, where several amateur carpenters were busy ornamenting the "yard," which Aunt Hester could never be persuaded to call a lawn, with hastily constructed booths.

"Why, I think it's lovely," cried Anne. "Can't I help, Aunt Hester?"

Aunt Hester viewed her with a doubtful eye. Anne had always an aggrieved feeling that Aunt Hester doubted her "capability." The older woman on her niece's previous brief visits had denied her any chance to display abilities, housewifely, executive or otherwise. "I don't know but you might," said Aunt Hester grudgingly. "We're awful pressed for time, and we can use most anybody. Abbie Adams and Susan Pettigrew have been here most of the week, but Abbie's that deaf and Susan's that talky we haven't got much done. I expect the ladies would appreciate it."

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Anne, making the most of this equivocally voiced permission. "I'll enjoy it so much! I manage the candy table at the church fair at home."

"Well, I expect you're too tired to do anything tonight," said Aunt Hester, apparently not much impressed by this citation of experience. "Tomorrow perhaps you can be some use."

"Thank goodness, our box got here," sighed Anne as she saw the pasteboard carton in their room. "And how lucky it is I brought my new hat! I'll be right on exhibition tomorrow; all your old friends will be here. I hope your aunt won't be too much disgusted with my way of doing things."

"Disgusted! She's tickled to death to have you," snorted Sid. "She thinks you're just about right, though it may be some time before she tells you so. I remember last year Mandy Evarts' telling her that the shade of blue you were wearing wasn't becoming, and aunty all but took her head off."

"Well!" exclaimed Anne. "It's a wonder you never told me."

"Why, I didn't suppose it would interest you specially," said Sid in surprise.

Anne did not wait for the morning to make

herself useful, but bestirred herself busily till even Aunt Hester was too sleepy to "set up" later.

"I guess," said Aunt Hester late the following morning, "that we'll let you take care of the candy table, Anne, if you think you can. We're awful short-handed."

"Told you so," exulted Sid when his relative's back was turned. "That candy table's the prize job of the whole show. I never knew them to give it to a stranger before."

"Well, I must get ready!" exclaimed Anne. "There's so much to do yet, and people will be coming soon." And she dived into the bedroom to dress.

"Sid! Come here!" The call from the bedroom was almost a scream.

"What's the matter?" cried Sid, dashing in. "What's the matter? Are you hurt? Is the baby sick?"

"Sid, look here!" Anne faced him, a picture of tragedy, hat bag in one hand, hat in the other.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Sid! You're blind. Can't you see?"

Sid rubbed his brow in perplexity. "Why—er," he enunciated finally. "It doesn't look like the same hat."

"Doesn't look! Of course it doesn't. It's the hat I wore four summers ago when we were first married."

"Well, what did you bring it for?"

"Sid, don't be a—a—nunny! Of course I didn't mean to bring it. I had it out that morning we packed; I was going to give it to Mabel, but she didn't want it. She had it trying it on, and the careless thing must have put it into my new bag. The shapes are nearly enough the same so I didn't notice the difference."

"And that's the thing that all but broke up the trip, that I've been guarding with my life the last four days!"

"As if that were the worst of it!"

"Well, what is?"

"What am I going to wear this afternoon?"

"What's the matter with that? It's the best-looking hat you ever had. It's miles ahead of that thing you meant to bring."

"Sid, don't be a silly. It's four years out of style."

"Style? Shucks! There isn't any style nowadays."

"You talk like your aunt. Get The Car out quick!"

"Going to buy another?"

"You couldn't get one here."

"There are some on one of the rummage tables."

"Sid Gordon! Those old things—to wear this afternoon!"

"Oh, all right. I'll get The Car."

It was fifteen minutes later, and Anne was emerging from the single village dry-goods store.

"All fixed up?" asked Sid.

"Yes, as well as I can be here. Hurry up and crank. I got a yard of ribbon and a couple of flowers; they cost a dollar. Hurry, before Aunt Hester misses us! I wouldn't have her know I'm caught this way for anything."

Promptly in time for the earliest customers Anne produced herself with the refurbished headgear.

"That's a real sensible, pretty hat you've got!" Aunt Hester was moved to unaccustomed compliment.

"Sensible! It must look horrid!" spoke Anne aside to her husband.

"It's nothing of the sort," cried Sid. "It's the best-looking hat here. I just heard Amelia Bliss tell Sally Tyler that that hat must have come from Paris; she didn't see how Sid Gordon could afford to buy his wife such expensive things. Amelia's our village milliner; what she says goes here. The hat's all right anyway."

"Well, I'm glad they like it. Why, Sid, look there! There's the mate of my other hat on that rummage table! It's all trimmed with horrid purple-pink roses, but underneath it's exactly the same model."

"Well, I told you to look on that table."

"It wasn't there then. It must have just come. Watch this table just a moment, please. I must price it."

Sid was not wholly astonished a moment later to see his wife return with the hat.

"Such a bargain, Sid! I simply had to buy it. Only three-fifty. When I take these flowers off it'll be every bit as good as the other."

Sid sighed. "The economics of hats are beyond me. Granted that a three-fifty hat is a better bargain than the same thing at twelve marked down from twenty-seven, does it pay to buy it to save a quarter on parcel-post charges?"

Anne looked a trifle confused, but replied with dignity, "You don't understand. It would

smash that hat to send it by parcel post. I can give it to Mabel. She was crazy about it."

"And deserves it no doubt under the circumstances. More feminine economic reasoning. Are you going to send back the one you're wearing?"

"Of course not. Everybody here is crazy about it. I'm going to take it along."

Sid groaned. "Two hat bags! Double misery!"

"A postal for you!" Aunt Hester handed it to Anne the morning after the successful close of the fair.

"It's from Mabel. Why, Sid, listen! I found the hat you meant to take. I mailed it the morning you left in care of your Aunt Hester."

"Suffering cats! Three hats! Did you ever hear the beat of it? We need a trailer!"

"That package was sent almost a week ago, and it hasn't come yet! It must have been smashed! How providential that I could replace it!"

"There were two packages in your room," said Aunt Hester. "Didn't you find them?"

"Why, I found only one."

"That's strange. Abbie Adams was here helping get ready for the fair, and I asked her to place it there."

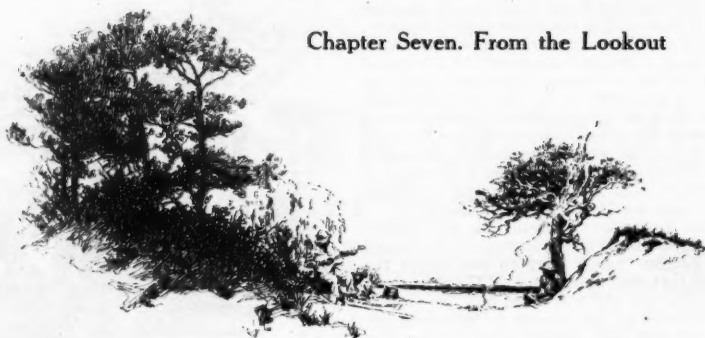
"Aunt Hester, some one told me Abbie Adams brought to the fair that hat I bought!"

A resounding whoop broke from Sid. "Oh-h! You Abbie Adams! Poor, deaf old Abbie! She got her orders mixed. She thought the hat was a donation for the sale, took it home and retrimmed it according to her own barbaric taste, and you bought it! Anne, we'll never hear the last of this. Oh, that hat!"

BLACK EAGLES AND WHITE

By Archibald Rutledge

Chapter Seven. From the Lookout



WHEN I found that the Waban had been stolen from us I ran back to the camp and announced it. Lee exclaimed in anger. Charley Snow gave Peter Benchner a look of deep and accusing distrust, as if he had thought that our prisoner was responsible; and Benchner himself, breaking his long silence, gave vent to a loud mocking laugh.

"Lou Sands was just a little too smart and quick for you," he said, half to himself.

"Who?" I demanded quickly.

"My pard," he returned with a tone of pride in his voice, but a little provoked with himself, I thought, that he had mentioned a name.

"You had planned this game, had you?" It was Lee's voice, hard and cold.

"I'm not saying what we planned," returned our captive; "but if you had took my advice, your brother wouldn't now be aboard that boat yonder, sailing to the Santee. You had ought to listened," he answered, gravely insulting.

Lee turned from the fellow impatiently.

"What now, Steve?" he asked.

I drew him aside.

"There's only one chance for us, Lee. If we can get to the Narrows of Alligator Creek before the Waban passes, we may be able to hold up the thief who has her and recover our boat. But we could never make any time with the prisoner we have here."

"Let Charley stay and guard him."

The suggestion did not strike me as promising; but as I thought of it for a moment I saw the good sense behind it. Benchner's hands were tied. He and Charley were at odds; and the negro had the very feeling toward his prisoner to make him watchful. Nor could we have much doubt that, if Charley casually displayed his villainous-looking club one flourish it would have a subduing effect. Indeed, I might be willing to ask Charley to do anything—and to count upon his doing it—except to swim or to sail a boat.

Now that it was clear that the fellow with Benchner had stolen the Waban I began to have further misgivings about Jim Rawlins. Was he aboard the vanishing sloop? Had he been unable to leave any further message for us? Our prisoner had called his partner in crime Lou Sands; and I knew him rather better than I knew the man whom we had caught. Lou and I were acquainted; but we had never been friends. From Lesane Island down to Breach Inlet he and I knew the coast and all its ways. But Lou Sands had long been an inveterate poacher; and the hunting clubs along the Santee had suffered

greatly at his hands. A shrewd fellow and as strong a man physically as I ever met, he was a man to be watched; yet I had never thought that he would be implicated in business of this kind. Lou's heart was hard enough for the work; but I believed him to be too intelligent to take such a chance as he had taken. Evidently he was now determined not to be caught.

"We'll let Charley stay, then, to guard this fellow?" Lee said.

"Yes," I answered; "and then you and I will take the road through the woods and see whether we can't cut off the Waban in the Narrows. If it's really Lou Sands who has my boat, our task will be no easy one; but the chance is one that we can't let slip."

The so-called Narrows, to which I referred, were several very narrow reaches in the throat of Alligator Creek, where at certain stages of the tide a boat even of the moderate size of my sloop would have difficulty in passing. The banks there, topped by tall reeds, were high and sheer; the waters in the channel were very deep. There was a possibility, I thought, that we might waylay our quarry at that place.

I called Charley aside, explaining the matter to him quickly, told him that in any event we ought to return by noon, and that we expected him to be responsible for Benchner until we came back. He readily agreed; and as Lee and I were preparing to take our leave we saw that Charley was removing all his belongings to one side of the camp—his guitar, the hound, his pet raccoon, Ring, certain iron pots that might be thrown with stunning effect, the camp axe and an oar. All those he carefully arranged round a live-oak stump, upon which he sat down and began negligently to thrum his guitar. Across the camp fire, leaning against an old red cedar, Benchner sat scowling at the negro; but, surrounded by all the panoply of war, Charley was serene.

Just as we were entering the woods he hailed us, and we saw him point significantly over Romney Marsh, whose immense lonely reaches were now glimmering in the fast-broadening light of day. Looking in the direction that Charley indicated, both Lee and I saw the great albino beating his lordly way over the marsh, heading across the southern point of the island.

"He's taking his regular route," I said; "he's going out to the wreck of the Storm Queen."

"Yes," Lee returned; "but these black eagles are what interest us now. After we have Jim it will be time enough for us to follow the albino. He does seem to have a

regular line of flight, doesn't he?—from Fannie Meade place on the delta down over Romney Marsh across the end of the island and out to the wreck."

We had now entered the dark, damp and gloomy old road that ran through the woods for the entire length of the island. We had five miles of this going ahead of us; and after a sleepless night and what we had been through in it our endurance was wearing away. Yet as our object was to cut off the Waban at the Narrows we made all the haste we could.

Anyone who has ever been on a Southern coastal island can well imagine the mystery and lonely danger of such a place. In a semi-tropical forest such as the one through which we were now making our way as fast as we might vast whispering tree tops, shrouded with vines and with their own blackly dense foliage, shut out the sky. Even in the full blaze of noon, this forest would remain a gloomy, mouldering, haunted place, tinged and tinted palely with pallid lances of the sun, but always dominated by the shadows. Now in the very early morning before the sun had risen we could hardly see our way. Knowing the true nature of the place, I was obliged to warn my comrade of one matter.

"Be on watch, Lee," I said, "and clear yourself if I give the warning. These woods are full of diamond-backs; and, you know, they are night hunters. This is the month for them too." For with us, October, being the month before the one in which reptiles in our latitude hibernate, finds the creatures most active and most dangerous.

We made good time; and in half an hour we had crossed the pathway leading from the back beach to the old slave tower on the outer beach.

"It looks well traveled," I said; "these fellows have been using it regularly."

The sun had now risen; we could see our way better; but the sky was overcast. It was leaden and heavy; and in the dull canopy there were no cloud rifts to give promise of sunlight later on.

Five minutes after leaving the pathway that ran out to the tower we crossed a muddy glade. In it I saw a wide trail, fresh and made by a formidably large serpent.

"A diamond-back," I told Lee as we hurried on; "and he is near. I think I can smell him. But we have no time to lose on him. You can generally tell the trail of one of these big rattlers: it is almost straight. I have seen a trail across a damp sandy road so straight that you might think a log had been dragged across."

"How long will it be, Steve, before we can tell whether we have gained anything on the Waban? There seems hardly any wind. She can't be getting away very fast."

"We'll be out of the woods and on the back beach in ten minutes; then we can see for ourselves. But in these woods you can't very well judge of the wind. Even in a West Indian gale you might have to fan yourself here to keep cool. Yonder's the break ahead of us now," I added. "See that light? We can bear out to the left there, and the sloop will be in sight. From where we leave the woods it's a mile to the Narrows."

The feeling that we were closing in on the object of our pursuit made us break naturally into a run that took us quickly to the brink of the gloomy woods. We were heartily glad to get out into the light and air again, and the brisk tang of the salt-marsh breeze refreshed us after the odors of the wet, unwholesome forest. Before us stretched, lonely and vast, the melancholy expanse of Romney Marsh, in its way as dreary and as forbidding as Lesane Forest itself. But neither Lee nor I had any eyes except for the Waban.

"Where is she?" Lee asked, anxiously scanning the reedy country northward from us.



We began to run . . . toward the on-coming boat

I could not see her; but I pulled myself up in a gnarled cedar, from which I could see clear to the Santee. The sloop, with white sail and jib filled before the steady east wind, was a mile and a half away. She was already through the Narrows; in fact, she was about to enter the Santee. With a heavy heart I clambered down.

"She's gone clear," I told Lee. "She'll be in the Santee in a minute or two."

"And from there," Lee demanded, "where will she go, Steve?"

"Let us push on and see. If she heads up the river, as is likely, there is no telling where Lou Sands will take her."

"Can't we follow him up the right bank of the river? How far is it to the mainland across Romney Marsh?"

"After we cross Alligator Creek," I told him, knowing well the nature of the marsh that lies between Lesane Island and the mainland, "it's four miles to high ground. Almost every step you take you will sink down to your knees; and the reeds are four or five feet above a man's head."

"But what's all that, Steve," he said, with a little honest scorn in his voice, "to the chance of my getting Jim back, and your getting your boat back? I'm going," he announced with decision, "even if you do not."

"Here, Lee," I said, understanding his impatience and not blaming him for it, "don't think that I'm not willing to go as far with this as you will. But we have to use our heads. Merely to act isn't to succeed. We don't even know as yet which course the sloop is taking; and if she goes up the river she'd be at Chicken Creek, or maybe Lenud's Ferry, before we'd be across Romney Marsh. Trust me, Lee; I know that such a plan as you have would get us nowhere."

"How did these wreckers get here if they didn't cross the big marsh?" he demanded.

"They may have come down the old rice field canal in a small boat; and I have a notion that Lou Sands has already picked her up. It would not be like him to overlook a detail of that kind. He meant to leave us with no way of getting away except by bogging and swimming."

"But he was leaving his own partner in the same plight," the boy remonstrated.

"You don't know Lou Sands, Lee. He cares nothing about Benchner. Climb up the cedar now, and tell me what you make of the Waban's position. I might as well come with you," I added.

We were soon in the top of the squat, bushy-headed tree; and from there we could see for miles in any direction except that the reaches to eastward were shut off by the towering dark forest of the island.

"She's laying her course to sea," I said immediately as we spied the Waban, now definitely heading down the river.

"How far off is she?"

"Two miles now."

"Have you any idea, Steve, where Lou Sands can be taking her? For I feel that he's taking Jim with him."

"He knows the coast for fifty miles in either direction," I said, obliged to be honest with my comrade. "How can I tell where he will go? We'll watch her until we get his direction; then we'll go and see if we can find his small boat."

"He's turning north at the river mouth, Steve."

Lou Sands was a master in the handling of any kind of craft; and, rascal that he was, I could not help admiring the way in which he took the Waban through the stormy tide rips at the mouth of the Santee, went clear of the breaker lines, avoided the dangerous shoals about Bird Bank and then set her course northward along the coast. Between that place and Wilmington he could put into a hundred bays or inlets or river mouths.

"He's gone," said the elder brother, "and Jim's gone with him. Steve, have we done all we could?"

"As I see it," I answered, "we have done all we could. You can see now what good it would do us to be floundering in Romney Marsh. The thing for us to do is to reach the mainland as quickly as possible and get into communication with the authorities. If we are in time, a vessel out of Georgetown might find and overhaul Lou."

"What of the people down at Romain Lighthouse? They are closer to us than anyone else, aren't they?"

"They are; and they could act for the government in a case of this kind. But without a boat we are helpless."

I had turned to climb down when Lee's hand on my arm stayed me.

"Look yonder!" he said excitedly, pointing far down the dark reaches of Alligator Creek.

"A boat!" I exclaimed. "And she's in Peace Cove now. But it can't be their boat, Lee. She has a sail up, and she's coming this way."

"She's coming fast too. This is the boat we do intercept, Steve, and don't you forget it."

In our haste and excitement we literally fell out of the cedar tree; and then began to run as fast as we could go along the back beach toward the on-coming boat. She was much smaller than the Waban, and both hull and sail were snowy.

"I know the craft," I told Lee as we ran together out on a sand bar that jutted into the creek and there paused for the graceful little vessel to come up. "It's the lighthouse cutter from Cape Romain, and that's old Dan Svensen at her tiller. For once, Lee, we're in luck."

The lithe and beautiful boat sailed swiftly up to us, and her helmsman, seeing us standing waiting for him, ran her full against the sand bar.

"Hello, Lesane!" growled the old sea dog, head keeper of Romain Light. "Hello, young fellow!" he added to Lee. His manner was decidedly not so friendly as the circumstances of our meeting gave us a right to expect.

"I came over to see you," he announced.

"Well, you're just in time!" I exclaimed.

"Dan, we want you —"

"Hold up; belay, belay," he said in his deep voice. "Never mind what you want. What I want is to tell you fellows that I am the only man between North Island and Bull Island who's in the lighthouse business. Do you get my drift—you two?"

"You saw the light in the tower last night?" Lee asked him, catching his meaning before I did.

"Saw it!" he ejaculated in high disdain. "Say, can I see the sun? Can I see the full moon? Can I see a mainsail when I'm at the helm and a fair wind's blowing? And look here, you fellows," he went on, "I wasn't the only one to see that infernal blaze that you two set in that old tower. There was a full-rigged ship that bore in on you last night, and it's a God's mercy she didn't strike. She took you for Romain and was running for shelter a mile or two southeast of your cursed light. What turned her, I don't know; but she ought to be where the Storm Queen is now."

"Look here, Dan, you're on the wrong tack," I told him. "We aren't the men who lighted that flare in the tower, but we are the men who put it out."

The stern-faced keeper stared hard at us.

"Who did it, then?" he demanded.

"Two men, Dan. We've caught one," I answered, "and we have him down at the sound end of the island. You passed him in coming up the creek. He is guarded there by the third man in our party. The second fellow stole our sloop, and he has made a good getaway with her out of the mouth of the Santee."

"Are you telling it straight, Steve?" The ruddy-faced keeper continued to look hard at us.

"Straight, Dan, as your own lighthouse tower. Will you follow this second man for us?"

"Will I?" he said with scorn in his voice. "Climb in, both of you. Steve, you stay in the bow with that gun of yours. He's headed out of the Santee, has he? Well, before he's gone a mile farther he'll know that there's some one after him who means business."

We pushed the rocking lithe craft back into the creek, and she at once began to round the point of the sand-bar and as the wind caught her sail to move swiftly forward. A stern chase had begun; but in whose favor the odds lay none of us could tell.

TO BE CONTINUED.





Attorney-General Daugherty

FACT AND COMMENT

A GOOD LISTENER gains both information and friends.

That Trifles make Perfection should not Stifle
The Truth that still Perfection is no Trifle.

THE MAN WHO IS ALWAYS pointing out the faults of others to you will also point out your faults to others.

THE HOACTZIN of British Guiana is one of the most remarkable birds in the world. Almost as soon as it is hatched the young hoactzin crawls out of the nest by using its wings as forefeet. The "thumb" and "forefinger" of the wings have claws with which the young bird climbs about the branches. As soon as the wings grow strong enough to support the bird in the air the claws disappear. The New York Zoological Park has just got the first specimens ever to be held in captivity.

THE PARIS-LONDON air service has an ingenious instrument for measuring the depth of fog above the starting place at Croydon or Abbeville, and so to determine whether there is clear, dry weather a few hundred feet up. The instrument, which is based on the property of human hair of contracting sharply on passing from wet to dry air, consists of a hair attached to a trigger that holds a ring. The instrument is sent aloft with toy balloons on a string; as soon as it reaches dry air the hair contracts, pulls the trigger, and down comes the ring on the string.

"SNOWBIRDS," the kind of coal operators who appear only when the supply of coal is scarce or when there is a runaway market, can pay higher wages than regular operators and, since they have no contracts for low-priced coal, can make a large profit on their entire output. Irregularity in demand is the bane of the coal-mining business. If communities would provide themselves with adequate facilities for storing coal and with means to keep stock even at all seasons, mining would be stabilized, coal would be cheaper, and there would be less disruptive competition for labor.

THE UNITED STATES still owns one railway that it took over during the war. The road has twelve miles of track along the water front of Hoboken, New Jersey, and with an operating equipment of three steam locomotives and two electric engines hauls the freight cars of other roads to and from the steamship piers. The road recently declared a cash dividend of 62½ per cent on its capital stock of four hundred thousand dollars. The government has held it to prevent it from falling into the hands of speculators, but has reached a tentative decision to sell it to the Port of New York Authority.

THE TWO-FOOT SHELF of books chosen by the American Library Association and the National Education Association as most worthy to be read by American boys and girls includes: Louisa M. Alcott's Little Women, Lewis Carroll's Alice in Wonderland, Defoe's Robinson Crusoe, Mark Twain's Tom Sawyer, Stevenson's Treasure Island, Nicolay's Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln, Kipling's Jungle Book, Andersen's Fairy Tales, Aesop's Fables, Stevenson's Child's Garden of Verses, Pyle's Merry Adventures of Robin Hood, Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, the Boys' King Arthur adapted from Malory, Van Loon's Story of Mankind, Wiggan's Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Burton E. Stevenson's Home Book of Verse for Young Folks, Dickens's Christmas Carol, Irving's Rip Van

Winkle, Mother Goose, Dodge's Hans Brinker, Hagedorn's Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt, Hawthorne's Wonder Book, Seton's Wild Animals I Have Known, and the Arabian Nights.

RAISING WAGES AND PRICES

IT is natural enough for every man to desire an increased return for the commodities he produces or for the service he renders. Whoever has anything to sell gets the best price he can for it. The only influence that restrains him is the fear of losing his market. Whoever works for another wants and tries to get a higher wage and resents and sometimes resists a lower one. The tendency of prices therefore is generally upward. The standard of living, the volume of money, the scale of expenditure move up faster than the supply of goods increases. Each generation, generally speaking, finds that it costs more to live and succeeds after a fashion in getting more money than the preceding generation got with which to meet expenses.

The fact that wages are high or that the prices of commodities are high does not in itself mean much. If every income in the country were cut in half tomorrow, and if at the same time the price of every article were cut in half, everyone would be in precisely the same situation as before the general reduction. It is what your money will buy that counts. The Russian gets perhaps a million rubles for a day's work, but when butter is five hundred thousand rubles a pound and shoes five million rubles a pair he is not getting ahead much.

Raising a man's wages does not in the long run improve his position unless the wages of other men remain low. If a shoemaker, for example, gets an increase in wages amounting to a dollar a day, he is proportionately better off, so long as he can buy clothing or meat or bread or automobile tires or coal or sewing machines at the old price. But let the men who produce those things get the higher wages or prices to which they believe they are entitled and the prices of what they produce go up at once. Then the shoemaker is no better off than he was before.

We go round and round a constantly ascending spiral. Everyone tries to get a little more in order to improve his economic position. Some get it; the prices of their products go up, and everyone else tries to get a little more himself in order to pay for the things that have increased in price. Presently we are all as we were before except that we have climbed another story of the spiral. A general raising of wages in all industries would be of only temporary value unless farmers could be made to sell food products as cheap as before and unless business men could be prevented from taking profits commensurate with the new scale of wages. Higher prices for farm produce do not mean much if increased wage scales put up the price of everything that the farmer must buy.

There is only one way to get the better of the game. That way is to increase production without increasing the time spent in production. If by better machinery or by more efficient labor the worker can turn out a larger number of articles in a given time, and if by better fertilization or by improved machinery the farmer can produce more foodstuffs with the same amount of labor, the tendency of prices will be downward and the money return to the laborer or the farmer tend to increase. But only the more intelligent see that, and only the more industrious act on it. The rest of us still think that if we can only get a little more money for a little less work we shall be happy; and if we do get it, we are astonished to find that prices go up as fast as incomes or even faster—and we are no happier than we were before.

INDUSTRIOUS PEOPLE

PHYSIOLOGISTS say that man was not intended by nature to apply himself without intermission for any long period to any manual or mental task, and that one of the great difficulties in the modern industrial system is to overcome what is for human beings a natural disability. Intervals of rest or distraction are necessary to everyone; but the frequency and length of the intervals and the use to which they are put vary with everyone. And on these variations success or failure, happiness or unhappiness, may very largely be predicated.

For the healthy person the best way to rest is to do something. Manual occupation or physical activity is the best form of relaxation for those whose work is mental; and mental or physical activity is the best

form of relaxation for those whose work is manual. The people who don't know what to do with their spare moments or half hours or holidays or who pass them in a discontented indolence derive no benefit from their opportunities. They might well envy those who hurry home eagerly to a good book to read, or something to make or build, or a musical instrument on which to practice, or a boy—or even a dog—to exercise. Most of those who are without a resource seek amusement in unwholesome ways. To be without a resource is to be lazy. People who are not lazy discover resources and enjoy them.

Industrious people have their worries and their troubles, but they are not subjugated by them. They get happiness out of life, and they don't sicken or irritate the world with lamentations over their misfortunes. Indeed, the great virtue of the industrious person is not that he works and produces,—excellent merit though that is,—but that he doesn't whine and complain.

AUTUMN MIST

ALL seasons have their beauties. It is a sad mistake to neglect or to undervalue any one of them. Even the bleak sincerity of winter is redeemed by the overwhelming splendor of unveiled, unbroken light.

Spring is the time of turbulence, of fresh, exhaustless, youthful ardor. Great fertilizing rains stir the richness of the abundant earth. Then the clear, bright north winds, harsh with the last touch of the melting ice fields, fill young veins and young hearts with stimulus and energy.

Summer is the time of ripeness, when the incredible wealth of nature's production matches, teases and inspires every resource of the matured, balanced, perfect human body and soul.

But autumn is mellow and fruitful, full of suggestion and reflection for nature and humanity alike. At its best autumn does not mean decay or senility, but just the faintly melancholy sense of life long lived, of rich stored beauty past, of memory with all its depths of desire and regret. Autumn has its winds and storms, great sweeping gusts that shatter the summer world with bursts of rain and swift, compelling tempest. But its typical days are those of mid-October,—“dream days” Longfellow delighted to call them in his diary,—days when the low sun cannot quite dispel the creeping, tender grace of mists that are scarcely more than an entrancing haze. Quiet, windless quiet, and tranquillity, those are the words of autumn—not perhaps the words for eager youth, but of a curious and satisfying charm for softly settling age.

Quiet coves

His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
He furieth close, contented so to look
On mists in idleness—to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.

We have in mind a broad, open hillside on an October afternoon. The cloud shadows drift gently over the peaceful landscape. In the foreground is a wilderness of red clover and snapdragon, and swarms of pale yellow butterflies float and waver and quiver over it, like slow, clinging delicate thoughts.

That have kept watch o'er man's mortality.

There could be no more restful image of heaven for a weary heart.

INJUNCTIONS

THE wide interest and the heated controversy that were aroused by Attorney-General Daugherty's application for an injunction against the striking shopmen make timely an explanation of what an injunction is. Briefly, it is a writ or order issued by a court of equity commanding a person or persons either to do or not to do a particular act. It is not a new or unfamiliar thing. The Roman law had something much like it in the “interdict,” and the principle of it was introduced into English court practice by the Lord Chancellors several hundred years ago.

The object of all proceedings in equity is to insure justice between man and man more promptly and effectually than the ordinary working of the common law permits. The common law can punish only offenses that have already been committed, and its machinery works so slowly that the wronged party often suffers damages in property or in interests that no court decree can repair. But equity procedure permits a person whose life or property or legal rights are threatened by another to apply for an injunction forbidding that other

from committing the acts apprehended or complained of. The first writ that the court issues is always temporary. Both parties are thereby summoned into court, and the injunction is made permanent only if the plaintiff can show the court that his interests are in real danger and that the damage likely to occur is of a kind that cannot be adequately remedied by an action at common law. After an injunction has been made permanent anyone who commits the acts that it forbids is liable not only to the usual penalties of the common law but to a term of imprisonment for contempt of court.

The injunction is used in all sorts of cases. It can be employed to stop such nuisances as the production of great quantities of black smoke or of foul odors by factories, to prevent the violation of contracts, to protect patents or copyrights from infringement and to stay proceedings in a court of law. It is recognized as a useful means of hastening justice and of preventing a long continuance of injustice. There is little or no criticism of it except when it is used to restrain strikers from acts that are likely to damage the property or to interfere with the business of their former employers. The labor organizations, and some publicists too, insist that that is an unwarranted and arbitrary exercise of power by the courts. They speak of it as “government by injunction” and believe that it puts the power of government unfairly into the scale against the man who is trying to improve his economic position.

There is no doubt that in such cases injunctions are sometimes asked for, and occasionally granted, that forbid acts that are not clearly illegal and that do not seem to be proper subjects for equity jurisdiction. But it is an ancient principle of the common law that a man has the right to conduct his business without molestation from others. If he is so molested, he has a right to recover damages; and it is the business of the equity court to prevent, if it can, acts that violate either the common or the statute law. The question is what precisely constitutes unlawful interference with another's business. On that point there is no general agreement. We cannot expect the employer and his striking workmen to agree on it, and as a matter of fact lawyers and judges often hold different opinions. In such cases equity procedure enters a field where the views of men on social, economic and political questions are in conflict. That is why the injunction in labor cases is a matter of continual controversy.

GERMANY HELPS TO REBUILD FRANCE

WHAT the politicians of France and Germany find it impossible to do the business men of the two countries seem to be in a fair way to accomplish. It has often been suggested that the most useful way in which Germany could pay its reparation debt to France would be by exporting goods and materials that could be used in reconstruction. Last year at Wiesbaden, Herr Rathenau and M. Loucheur came to an agreement for such an economic entente, but the politicians in neither country would listen to it. Rathenau's enemies in Germany murdered him. Loucheur could not put the scheme through in the face of opponents who thought it would be prejudicial to French manufacturers or to French workmen.

But it begins to appear that the only way in which France can get anything useful out of Germany at present is through just such an arrangement; so the great Herr Stinnes, who controls almost everything worth controlling in Germany, has been consulting M. de Lubersac, the president of the federated coöperative societies of France. The German agrees to deliver all sorts of building material to the value of thirteen billion francs, a sum that would be deducted from the German reparation debt. That amount is only a small part of what the restoration of northern France will cost, but it is not inconsiderable in itself, and it is more than the political government of France has been able to collect in four years.

Germans are generally favorable to the idea, though the Socialists are sarcastic over Herr Stinnes's “six per cent patriotism,” for that is the amount of the commission that he and those to be associated with him in furnishing the goods are to collect. The French are less enthusiastic. They have always stood out for a payment in money rather than in goods. But they begin to see that money that is worth anything is not easily to be had from Germany, and that rebuilding will proceed quicker if the supply of material is doubled. It is reported that some people on both sides

of the frontier hope that the Stinnes-Lubersac agreement is a step toward an economic if not toward a political reconciliation of the two countries. As to that, time will tell; but anything that relieves even by a little the tension that the long delay of Germany in making reparation payments has caused will be sure correspondingly to improve the relations between the two peoples.



CURRENT EVENTS

THE American Bankers' Association has been collecting figures about the amount of money in the savings banks of the country. The statistics are not complete, for some states do not collect reports from their savings banks, and other states have institutions that are not strictly savings banks but that accept savings accounts and do not report them. But even with so many accounts unrecorded, the association finds no less than 26,637,831 separate accounts, representing savings of \$16,618,595,000. It is believed that there are at least ten million other depositors who have money in savings banks that did not report, in the postal savings system and in the loan and building associations. The amount of our invested savings alone is at least equal to the vast national debt that the war has left us.

THAT at the age of eighty-one M. Clemenceau plans a trip to the United States and a speaking tour of some length here shows that the French are a little uneasy at the amount of anti-French propaganda that has been let loose among us. M. Clemenceau is not a man to use flattery; he will not try to cajole Americans into a more sympathetic attitude toward his own country, but he will be as effective an agent of international friendship as France could send us. Although Americans do not believe that he has been right or wise in everything he has said and done, they have a deep admiration for the courage, the determination, the intellectual honesty and straightforwardness of the old statesman. No doubt he will set himself to explain to us the mind of France and to defend his countrymen against the charge of imperialism and militaristic ambition. He will find it harder perhaps to make Americans understand why France has thought it good to help Kemal and his Turks to get back into a position where they can wreak their vengeance on their old enemies among the Oriental Christians and threaten, as they do, the precarious peace of Eastern Europe. There are reasons for that policy, but to us on this side of the water they seem narrowly selfish.

PENDING the return of Lenine to Moscow, which is now set for sometime next month, Leo Kamenov is acting as head of the Russian soviet cabinet. Kamenov is a thorough communist and a brother-in-law of Trotsky's, but he has from the first paid less attention than the other Russian rulers to pushing Bolshevik propaganda at home and abroad and more to working out economic and diplomatic relations with the rest of the world. He is said to be especially friendly to Americans and to have been on excellent terms with the famine relief executives from this country. He is a broader man than Lenine, but he has not so strong a personality.

SO the former kaiser is really to be married again! There has been much gossip and the usual number of affirmations and denials, but now that the year of mourning for the late empress has passed William has admitted that he intends to marry the Princess Hermine of Reuss, the young widow of Prince Johann of Schoenaich-Carolath. The princess is of semi-royal blood, and the house of Reuss is reckoned among those with which crowned heads may fitly ally themselves. But no one except the prospective bride and groom seems much pleased with the match. William's children are said to be peevish about it, and the monarchist party in Germany believes that it will weaken the Hohenzollern cause still further in the eyes of the German nation.

IN vetoing the adjusted compensation or bonus bill the President took a step that was anticipated; for in drawing the bill Congress had paid no attention to his warning that he could not approve it unless it contained provisions for new taxation sufficient to meet the necessary cost of the project. Although there are men in Congress who are sincerely

in favor of paying additional compensation to everyone who served in the ranks during the war, it is impossible to avoid the suspicion that a considerable part of the majority that passed the bill voted for it for political effect only. They were not sufficiently interested in the matter to pass a bill that the President would sign, or that would provide the money it proposed to spend. The House repassed the bill over Mr. Harding's veto, but the Senate refused to repass it. When the Senate passed the Fordney-McCumber tariff bill, the two Democratic Senators from Louisiana voted for it, and five Republicans—Senators Borah, Cameron, Cummins, LaFollette and Lenroot—voted against it.

THE executive council of the American Federation of Labor has done a sensible thing in condemning the so-called "jurisdictional strike," in which one union strikes against another that it believes is in some way invading its own proper field. No other strikes are so annoying as those, for they are often exceedingly stubborn, and they stop production even though the wages and the hours of work may be entirely satisfactory. We do not know how much attention the local unions will pay to the resolution of the executive council, but they would act wisely if they adopted the council's position without a quibble.

THE Supreme Court of Ohio has ordered the Secretary of State to put on the ballot for the election of November 7 a referendum whether or not the state constitution shall be so amended as to permit the manufacture and sale of beer and the lighter wines. Legal representatives of the Anti-Saloon League have appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States to prevent the referendum on the grounds that the proposed change in the state constitution would violate the Constitution of the United States.

SEVERAL friends of The Companion have written us to point out that the newspaper reports of the act of the Southern Pacific trainmen in abandoning their trains in Arizona were inaccurate. The trains were not left "in the desert" if that means, as the public was apparently meant to suppose, at uninhabited spots. The trainmen took them through to division points such as Needles, Seligman and Las Vegas. That the passengers were exposed to much inconvenience and some suffering is undoubtedly true, but the case was not so indefensible as the telegraphed stories led us to believe. Nevertheless, that the brotherhoods of railway trainmen have deprived of their union cards the men who were guilty of abandoning their trains is evidence enough that the offense was serious.

THE trustees of the international trophy that is offered for competition between fishing boats from Canada and the United States have definitely barred the Mayflower from taking part in the races. The Mayflower is the fastest of American fishing boats; indeed it was built for speed, with an eye to this particular competition. The trustees believe that it is therefore not a true fisherman, and they point out that, although it can be used for fishing, its cargo capacity is considerably smaller than that of the ordinary fishing boat. On that point it may be observed that the typical American fisherman is intended for the fresh-cod fishery, whereas most of the Canadian boats are engaged in the salt-cod fishery. The Canadian craft, therefore, are usually built to carry a larger cargo than the American boats.

THREE of the great Eastern universities, Yale, Harvard and Princeton, have through their presidents agreed on some very important restrictions on intercollegiate athletics. The new rules forbid any student who has ever played on an athletic team in any other college from representing either of the three universities in athletic games. They prohibit post-season or sectional games; they oblige self-supporting students who take part in athletics to convince the authorities that no one is paying the whole or part of their expenses to "keep them on the team." They make any boy who has received money or its equivalent for athletic prowess ineligible to represent the college in any sport. The faculties are indefatigable in their pursuit of the "tramp" athlete and the semiprofessional; none have ever gone quite so far, or spoken with so determined a voice as this.



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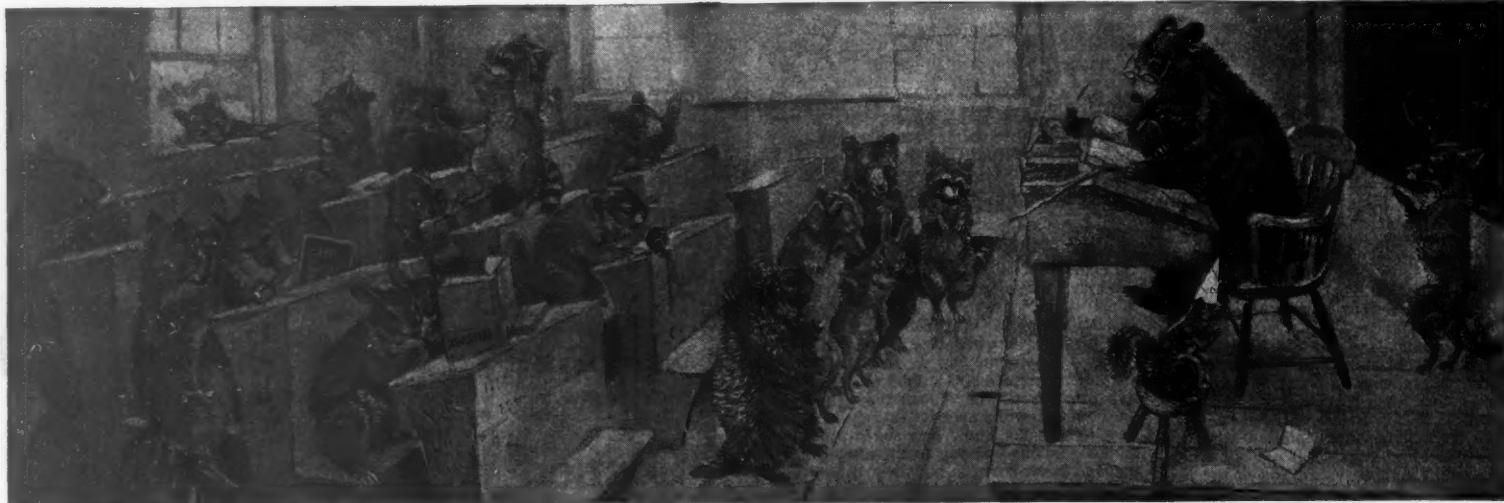
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CHILDREN'S PAGE

DRAWN BY PAUL MASON



THAT WAS TOO MUCH FOR CLIPPITY FOX, WHO NOW STOOD NEXT TO HIM

THE SHABBY STRANGER

By Nancy Byrd Turner

OLD Mr. Bruin found Woodsy School very hard to teach; he said so outright. Some of his pupils were well behaved and studious, but the most of them were nothing to be proud of. The Bear children (all young nephews or cousins of Mr. Bruin's) were slow-witted and often sulky, the Rabbit children restless and the Fox boys mischievous. The Coon boys too were always at tricks, and there was one small squirrel, Skippy by name, who was forever in disgrace.

One warm June day the teacher drew a long, long sigh that shook his rough brown sides.

"I think I shall give up this school," he said, "and go to teaching turtles and bullfrogs. They are poky, but at least they behave well."

At that speech some of the pupils had the grace to look ashamed, but Skippy Squirrel spoke up pertly.

"I know how to behave," he said. "Then sit on the three-legged stool," said Mr. Bruin, "and prove it. As for you, Flippity Fox, for giggling at Skippy you are to come and stand with your face to the blackboard."

An hour went by, and still things were no better. Flippity would not keep his face turned to the blackboard, and Skippy jumped up and down on the three-legged stool. Down among the desks the behavior was so bad that Mr. Bruin thought seriously of expelling the whole school.

Not a single question could the class in geography answer. One of the Chipmunk children said that an isthmus is entirely surrounded by water, and Grayfluff Rabbit declared he had never heard of the equator. At last, when Rob Coon insisted that the North Pole is in the Indian Ocean, Mr. Bruin's patience gave entirely out. He rolled up a piece of paper and stuck it on Skippy Squirrel's bobbing head.

"There," he said. "Look at that. This afternoon every single one of you shall have on a foolscap just like it. What's more, you shall wear them home."

Even that did not quiet the school, and so Mr. Bruin went on: "At four o'clock I am going over to the other woods and see if I can find one well-behaved pupil for this outrageous Woodsy School."

But he did not have to wait until four o'clock for a new pupil, for just then a shadow fell across the floor, and there in the doorway stood a queer shaggy figure, stout and shabby.

The pupils all began to giggle, but Mr. Bruin drew a sigh of relief. "Are you coming to school to me?" he asked. The figure nodded its head, and the teacher added, "Then come in and welcome. You can't be any worse than what I already have."

As the newcomer came shuffling up the aisle some of the pupils went on snickering, but most of them stared in silence.

"You are one of the Porcupine family, I

take it," the teacher said when the stranger paused on his way to the desk.

The stranger admitted in a gruff bashful voice that he was. "Peter Porcupine," he said, "from over in Porcupine Hollow."

It so happened that no Porcupine had ever lived in the Woodsy neighborhood, and so the new pupil was a strange sight indeed to the school. They continued to stare at him.

"Come up here, Pete, and join this class in geography," the teacher said.

Without a word Pete obeyed. He looked so shabby and so clumsy as he came stumping up the aisle that the whole school tittered.

But the tittering stopped after a while. Pete Porcupine may have been odd-looking, but he was not stupid. He answered all the teacher's questions so glibly that before long he was at the head of the geography class. At length the rest of the pupils became so provoked with him that they pretended not to listen to his answers.

"Smart Alec!" they said and began to cut worse capers than ever.

Matters came to a climax after the fourth-grade spelling class was called. In that class were Ringtail Coon, Sally Rabbit, Brown Bear and Clippity Fox.

"You may begin at the foot of the class, Pete," said Mr. Bruin.

"Where he belongs," remarked Clippity Fox in a loud whisper.

But whether or not Pete belonged at the foot he did not stay there. Word after word that the others missed he spelled correctly, until at length he passed to the head. That was too much for Clippity Fox, who now stood next to him.

"Hey, Smarty!" cried Clippity. "You know everything, don't you? Take that!"

With a sharp quirk of his right elbow he jammed Pete Porcupine in the ribs.

Then many things happened, one right after another. Clippity gave a yell, threw out his left hand and clutched Sally Rabbit by one of her extraordinarily long ears; Sally, surprised and squeaking with pain, hopped a yard high and stuck her sharp little toenails plumb into Brown Bear's eye. Brown Bear gave a growl of rage and grabbed the thing nearest to him, which happened to be Ringtail Coon, and squeezed with might and main. He nearly squeezed the breath out of Ringtail, who could only dance up and down, choking "gr-grr," and paw the air in his fright. What with Ringtail's bouncing and spluttering, Brown Bear's growling, Sally Rabbit's squeaks and Clippity Fox's yells there was such an uproar that the rest of the school was dumb with astonishment.

Ringtail's brother, who had been dancing the Highland fling on a desk, flopped into a heap; Waggy Woodchuck turned over a bottle of ink; and Flippity Fox stopped drawing pictures on the blackboard and stood with his mouth wide open.

Mr. Bruin gazed straight at the shabby stranger, and the shabby stranger gazed back at Mr. Bruin.

When the school grew quieter, "Pete Porcupine," said Mr. Bruin, "what did you do to Clippity Fox?"

Pete Porcupine did not move an eyelash. "Nothing, sir," he said.

"Clippity Fox," said Mr. Bruin, "why did you yell?"

Clippity rubbed his right arm and sobbed angrily. "He stuck me. Just because I nudged him he ran needles into me."

"Take Pete's needles away from him, Clippity Fox," said Mr. Bruin solemnly.

Clippity hopped with delight as he turned

on Pete, but the next instant he hopped again, and this time not with delight.

"He's covered with needles!" was his shrill cry. "He's all needles. Ow! Wow!"

When the teacher had restored order at last he told Pete Porcupine that he might go home; then he sent the rest of the class to their seats.

After Pete had shambled down the aisle and disappeared through the doorway Mr. Bruin looked sternly round the room.

"Pete belongs to a prickly family," he said. "His needles, as Clippity calls them, grow on him, and you can't press against them without getting hurt. But Pete himself is a good and wise boy. When he comes back to school tomorrow he is to be treated with politeness, prickles or no prickles. And now, who is sorry for this day's doings and ready to be better tomorrow?"

When he said that Mr. Bruin looked so kind and so grieved that all at once every single mischievous, uproarious pupil began to feel ashamed, even down to Skippy Squirrel, bobbing under his silly foolscap on his three-legged stool. They remembered tardily all Mr. Bruin's years of kindness and patience. "We will all do better," they promised in chorus.

"We will try to be as good and as wise as Pete Porcupine," added Clippity Fox, though it was a hard thing to say; and the rest joined in:

"As good and as wise as Pete Porcupine!" "And almost as good and as wise as Teacher Bruin," piped up a little voice that turned out to be the voice of Skippy Squirrel. Then the whole school joined in with a cheer that rattled the desks:

"And almost as good and as wise as Teacher Bruin!"

THE TEA-PARTY SWING

By L. Dean Hatch

"ELSIE! Elsie!" called her mother. Elsie was giving her two dolls a music lesson on the veranda, but she put down her music book at once and ran in to her mother, who was standing on the step-ladder in the living room hanging curtains.

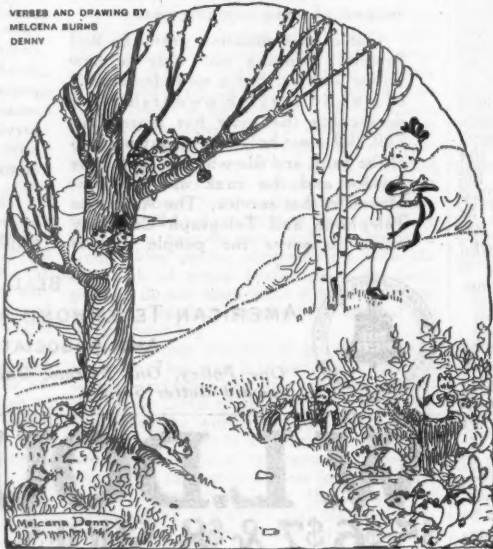
"I wish you would hold the lower edge of this curtain just even with the window sill," said her mother. "I want to find out how much I must lengthen it by piecing."

Elsie did as she was asked, but she said, "I thought you said you were going to have new curtains, mother."

"So I did, but it cost so much more to buy the house than we expected that I am going to do the best I can with what I have."

When Elsie got through holding the curtain she went out to the side lot, where her father was preparing to build a garage. "Why, daddy, I thought you were going to put it farther back. You said people couldn't see so well along the street when the garages were out near the sidewalk."

"So I did, daughter," replied father, "but I didn't expect at that time to get a rocky lot. It would cost hundreds of dollars to blast through all that stone to reach the rear of the lot, and so I must be contented with setting the garage just behind the line of

VERSES AND DRAWING BY
MELCENA BURNS
DENNY

CHIP-CHATTER'S MISTAKE

"Oh, hide me! Oh, hide me!" cried little Chip-Chatter.

"The chipmunks are hunting for me!"

"Here, hide in my hat! Why, what is the matter?"

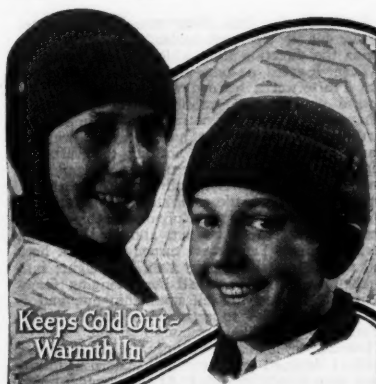
"Well, I was umpire, you see, And Frisky and Dimp and Batterwee-Imp, And Pitch-Me and Catch And Dell, Dan and Tatch, They're all of them looking for me!"

"But tell me," I said, "was it baseball you played?"

"Yes, yes, with the twig of a tree! The ball was a nut,—a hazelnut,—but I ate the ball up!" chattered he.

"Now Bess, Brown and Blackie, and First-baseman-Hackee, Tim Tamias, Teasum, And Sally and Seazum—Both nines are out after me!"

Then home in my hat I took the poor pet. Chip-Chatter is grateful; he lives with me yet.



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that ornamental tree. I am doing the best I can with what I have, don't you see?"

"Yes, sir, I see," said Elsie. Then she recollected that Theodora and Janice, her two dolls, were waiting all this time for their music lesson. "You poor dears," she said, tucking one under each arm, "you must have a treat to pay for my neglect. But what shall it be?"

She sat down on the steps to think about it. Although she had been in this new house only about a week, she had already made up her mind that she had never before seen a back yard that offered so little chance for having fun. There was a high board fence round it and a cherry tree and a pear tree in two of the corners. The rest was merely a plot of grass, flower borders and vegetables. At the house where Elsie had always lived before, there had been many trees, an orchard and a lane, with always at least a calf and a pet hen to play with.

"If there were only a big tree, I would make a swing and swing you, Theodora and Janice, but fruit trees must not be used for swings; and anyway the limbs of these trees are mere switches—"

Suddenly Elsie noticed an opening in the high board fence and thought of something. She ran to the basement, got one of the short ropes that had been removed from a packing case and began to tie the ends round the rail at the top of the gap in the fence, to which the lost boards had once been nailed.

"Why, what are you doing?" asked her mother from a window.

"Making a swing," said Elsie. "I'm doing the best I can with what I have, don't you see, like you and daddy."

"See that child!" exclaimed mother to father, who had come in for the hammer.

That night there began a sound of sawing in the basement. But Elsie did not hear it, for she always went to bed very early and so was asleep. But on the morning of her birthday her mother called her to hurry and dress and go to see what was in the back yard. Elsie was so surprised that she could hardly speak when she saw a two-seated swing standing on the grassplot—the kind of swing that does not have to hang from a tree.

"It's just like those they have in the parks. It's painted; and the big tree in Mr. Miller's yard shades it; and it's big enough inside for a little tea party with a table!" she cried when she had found her breath.

That afternoon she held her first party in the swing. "You are invited today," she told Theodora and Janice, propping them against a cushion. "But next time I am to have little girls. Now, Theo and Jane," she solemnly warned them, "I don't wish ever to hear you complain again. Mother says her curtains never looked so well as they do this time, when she had to study how to make them fit; and daddy never thought before of planting hollyhocks like a flower screen all about a garage. And I never in my whole past life dreamed of such a thing as a tea-party swing!"

"It's very strange but it seems that when you don't have much, and make the most of it, it somehow turns out to be more than if you have a lot and make little of it. Do you understand?"

THE LITTLE FRENCH PIG

By Arthur Arnold

One night, it is said, the good Fairy Hed Came down on a moonbeam blue, And the animals all planned a fancy ball To show what they could do.

It was very clear they were full of cheer As they gathered beneath a tree, Save a little French pig who was not very big And could only say, "Wee! Wee!"

They yipped and vied as they each one tried With utmost efforts to please, But the strange little pig just munched a twig In a corner, ill at ease.

Then the fairy cried as she tripped inside, "Will anyone dance with me?" And they all of them shied, for they'd never tried; But the little pig cheeped, "Wee! Wee!"

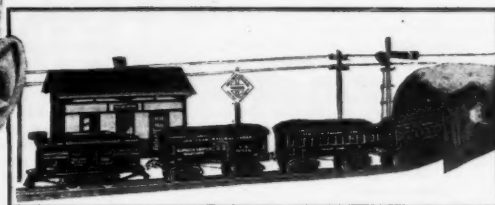
So the Fairy Hed seized the pig instead. The pig was stiff with fright, But he'd learned to dance at his home in France, So he danced with all his might.

And to this day the animals say 'Twas a wonderful sight to see That little French pig who munched a twig And the fairy beneath the tree—

That little French pig who was not very big And could only say, "Wee! Wee!"



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MAPLES

By William Hervey Woods



They yield no grapes nor peaches,
Nuts nor fruits,
But among the oaks and beeches
Down the far hill's misty reaches
By the wood road's ruts and roots,
Maples make their autumn muster,
One tree here, and there a cluster,
Unlike apple trees, each choosing
That outlook its fancy suits.

Not theirs the rows unswerving,
Run by rule;
Only to the old earth's curving,
Yield they, nature's mandate serving,
Lessened in no human school.
In their boughs no squirrel scampers,
And, as they owe no man hampers,
Frost too late or drought too early
Brings them naught of harvest dule.

The apples have their inning
Twice a year;
Maples have no sweet beginning,
Bees and winds and poets winning,
But when orchard rows are sere
Then these forest folk their glory
Put on, as to end a story,
Or to show a tired year, going,
How to finish with good cheer.

Good cheer! That's half the telling.
Who but knows
That while fruit buds are but swelling
Maple hearts are nectars welling
That no nursery darling shows?
Then, like humblest flowers, their duty
Done, they wait their well-earned beauty
And, in autumn pomp outglowing
All the woods, confront the snows.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE

THERE is a law of spiritual gravitation just as there is a law of physical gravitation. Every person influences other persons for good or for harm. Often the influence is strongest when the individual is least aware of it; unconscious actions and carelessly spoken words often reveal much. An upright and successful man of affairs once said:

"When I was a young man facing for the first time the temptations of a great city I used often during the first months when both money and friends were scarce to walk the streets of an evening so as to get away from myself—to forget my loneliness and my longing for companionship. I was looking, as everyone is looking, —though often he does not know it,—for some one who understood, some one who had fought my battle and had won.

"One evening amid the hurrying, restless crowd I heard a voice in front of me; it was soft and low, and it thrilled me like a chance strain of sweet music. The speaker was a small, elderly woman who was talking with a tall, gray-haired man. Of what she was saying I caught a few words—words did not matter; it was the voice that held me. It spoke to me dimly and confusedly perhaps, yet truly enough, of such pain, grief and conflict as a boy could have but little comprehension of; and it spoke of victory proportionate to its cost. In my eager hope and boyish curiosity I passed the couple to get a glimpse of the woman's face. It was lined and sad and of ineffable sweetness; it quite matched the voice.

"Though I never saw her again, I have never forgotten. In the weeks that followed, her voice was with me. It held me like an unseen hand; it led me, and even now after forty years the influence of it remains."

GOING WITH AUNT HETTY

"MOTHER, don't tell me I have to go!" Eileen's voice was full of dismay. She hated to go anywhere with Aunt Hetty, and now to have to go to the food show of all places! But there seemed to be nothing else for her to do.

Presently Aunt Hetty came downstairs; her face was shining with anticipation. In her hands was a big net "traveler"—it was the last straw for Eileen.

Half an hour later as they entered the big, noisy, crowded hall Aunt Hetty drew a long breath of delight. "We'll begin on this side," she said. "See, Eileen, there's the lemon stuff they were advertising. Don't that pie look nice? Let's try it."

Eileen declined to try it, but Aunt Hetty had pushed her way to the booth and was eating a bit of the lemon custard on a wafer; a tired-looking demonstrator was serving it. As Aunt Hetty pushed her way back to Eileen, she deposited the first of her samples and a handful of leaflet in her capacious carrier.

"That woman comes from Delaware County," she remarked. "She tells me she's got three children, and one of them is down sick. I feel real sorry for her. Well, do look at that doll drinkin' apple juice! Ain't that complete!"

Aunt Hetty nodded brightly to the young man behind the counter, and Eileen turned away with hot cheeks.

"I've got a walking paper doll here," announced Aunt Hetty triumphantly a moment later. "The young man says they don't give them to everybody. I told him the doll was the very image of a little lame girl I knew—Mamie Compton, you know, Eileen. So then he gave it to me."

The long maddening afternoon wore away at last; but Eileen had to hear all about it at the dinner table. "You'd think," she said, "that all America lived on salad dressing!"

"Oh, and there was such a nice girl at the democracy booth," said Aunt Hetty. "Did you see her, Eileen? She looked like the Crosby's. She wasn't, though; I asked her. She's demonstrating to earn money for college."

Ralph Barnum, who was a reporter, smiled across at Aunt Hetty. Eileen, who wanted to write, admired him immensely. "I wish we could get you on the News, Miss Bartlett," he said.

"Land sakes, what's the boy talking about?" Aunt Hetty exclaimed.

He laughed. "I'm talking about you and the gift you have that I'd give five years of my life to possess. I mean your feeling for the 'all things human.' Now I could describe the apple-blossom girls, but I'd never know that one of them was supporting a sick mother."

"Tain't her mother—it's her father, and he's blind, not sick," Aunt Hetty corrected him.

She was utterly bewildered by the laughter that followed. But Eileen did not laugh; she was looking at her aunt with eyes that were seeing something new.

MR. PEASLEE MEDDLES A MITE

"MORE times than once," observed Deacon Hyne slowly, "I've heard Silas Graves give a pretty long exp'osition of jest why he hung his flag on them trees forrard of his house on M'morial Day; he claimed that, if a man was really patriotic, the best place his home afforded wa'n't a mite too prominent for his country's flag. And he said further—"

"I know what he said," Caleb Peaslee interrupted him wearily; "I've heard him say it all full's many times as ever you have—mebbe more. He claimed that when a man had fit through four years of the war fr'm Bull Run to—"

"I got started to tell you that," the deacon interrupted him testily, "and if you'd have given me a chance to finish I had something else to say—something that mebbe you don't know about." He breathed heavily through his nose and looked at Caleb in stubborn triumph.

"All right," Caleb submitted easily. "I'm ready to listen and learn."

"Wal," said the deacon, disarmed by Caleb's yielding, "I d'know I wanted to say a gre't sight more. Most I was goin' to tell you this: he's allus hung that big flag out across his front yard, where it all but hid the house from the street; but yest'day he'd hung it over in the fur corner of the lot 'twixt the elm tree and a post he'd sot up. It don't make near the show it did b'fore. I was wonderin' what he'd changed it round for, him bein' so patriotic as he lets on to be."

Mr. Peaslee looked at the deacon sidewise. "I d'know how you'll take it, Lysander," he said at last, "but I'm goin' to tell you somethin' you don't know—after givin' you all the chance you asked for to talk and all. Silas Graves didn't change his flag by reason of bein' less patriotic; he did it because it was p'inted out to him that a display of buntin' that made another person unhappy wa'n't the best way of celebratin' M'emorial Day."

"Who was made unhappy?" demanded the deacon. "That's kind of funny talk, I should think. Kellup?"

"Mis' Graves was," Caleb replied promptly. "You know what a master hand she used to be to go and do her part whenever the town tried to do somethin' public-spirited, and she allus done the work of two women dec'ratin' the soldiers' graves; and when she broke her hip seven—no, eight years back, one of her hardest crosses was to know she couldn't help any more. All she could do now was to look on; and, as it worked out, till this year she hadn't been really able to look on even."

"The fust year after she was laid up in the house come Memorial Day she made all ready to be at the window where she could see the p'rade. She had to hurry to get her work done and a clean waist on, and she'd jest got cleverly ready with a couple of flags that she was cal'lating to wave when she heard the band strike up down by the post office, and she knew they'd started. So she wheeled herself into the foreroom as fast as she could, and when she got to the window not a sign could she see of the p'rade, though she knew by the noise that they must be passin' the house!"

"When you said a spell back, Hyne," Caleb added parenthetically, "that the flag all but hid the house from the street you only said half of it—the other half bein' that it also hides the street from the house, every inch of it! And there that poor woman was, with her two flags gripped in her fists and not able to make so much as one wave of 'em to show her friends that she was with 'em in her spirit if she couldn't be in body. And that's the way it's been every single year but one; and that year it was stormy and windy enough to blow the flag up and keep it up most of the time, so she got a glimpse of the folks goin' by—what there was of 'em."

"Tother day she was over to my house, and

she owned up shamefaced like that she almost hoped it'd be windy the day of the p'rade. And that night when my wife told me how she'd been shut from even seein' the street 'count of Silas wantin' to show his own love for the country I made up my mind the time'd come for me to meddle a mite."

"I kind of bided my time to get a good opening, and yest'day it come round jest right. Graves stepped over to see me on a matter of business, and in the course of talk he asked me what I was cal'latin' to make for a display Memorial Day. I'd jest told him my wife was a mite aillin', and he'd expressed the proper symp'thy. 'Wal,' s'I, 'whatever I do, if my wife ain't any better'n she is today and can't get out where she can jine the p'rade, one thing I won't do,' s'I, 'is to hang a flag clear cross the front of the house and shut her off from as'much as seein' it!'"

"For a minute, Hyne," Caleb admitted, "I was scared I'd gone too far and lost a neighbor; his ears redded up, and he stuck his chin out—but he ketched himself 'fore he spoke a word. He jest looked at me, and then he whirled and went out of the yard steppin' good long steps and left me wonderin' whether I'd done good or hurt by meddlin'."

"But that aft'noon I found out I'd done good. 'Long about four o'clock I stepped out in my front yard, and over at Graves's I could see Si with a pick and shovel. He'd been and cut a cedar pole twenty-five or thirty foot long, and he had a hole most dug to set it in. I watched him a minute and made up my mind that it wa'n't any one man's job to upend that pole; so I went over and offered to help him. For a minute I didn't know how he was goin' to take it, but after he'd straightened up and mopped his face and swallowed a couple of times he let on he'd be glad of a little help."

"When we'd got the pole sot and the ground sodded smooth I was jest startin' home again when he cleared his throat and halted me. 'I can't let you go off home, Caleb,' he says, 'with-out makin' this much plain to you; mebbe I've shet my wife off from seein' things, chairfast as she is, but it was lack of thought and not selfishness. Now I've moved the flag rope, and t'morrow I want you should take notice if any woman's where she can see the boys march past it'll be Mrs. Silas P. Graves, esquire! You take notice when you go past!'"

"And I did, Hyne," said Mr. Peaslee. "He'd fetched her chair out next the fence and stood there holdin' an umbrella over her, and she was wavin' her flags with both hands. I made out to take my hat off when I went by; most of it was to her, but some of it was to Silas!"

A REMARKABLE NAVAHO BLANKET

THE Navaho Indian woman is one of the most expert and ingenious weavers of blankets in the world. She does all of her work, writes Mr. George Wharton James in the Mentor, on upright hand looms of primitive design that in all respects are like the looms that the Spaniards found when they invaded our Southwest during the sixteenth century.

The striking and original designs found in old Navaho blankets are the incorporation in symbolic colors of some legend, myth, hope or bit of history of the weaver's people the significance of which was known only to the maker herself. Nowadays, however, the Navaho women are beginning to discard themes of the dead past. The photograph shows the result of one weaver's decision to break through the barrier of racial customs and conventions. She had erected her loom beside the railway track, and the continual passing of the trains had given her the daring idea of weaving her impressions into her blanket. So keenly did she observe and so faithfully did she attend to details that in the finished blanket you can see, not only trains going east and trains going west, but sleeping cars and day coaches with ventilators, cattle cars, birds on the track, and engines with smoke, steam, headlights and cowcatchers.

THE RABBIT SHOWS ITS TEETH

THE rabbit is ordinarily one of the timidest of animals, yet this story, which a contributor sends us, concerns a mother rabbit that, for a little time, was as brave as any lioness could be.

When I was a small boy, our contributor writes, my father took me with him to pick blackberries on the western bank of the Ohio River. The bushes were in a rather dense forest, and soon my father and I became separated. Presently I found myself in a little circular glade perhaps fifteen feet in diameter and was busily filling my small pail when suddenly I heard something scurrying along near my feet. As I looked down a little brown rabbit leaped into the open space and stopped close to me.

Evidently the little thing was in the utmost terror, for it trembled violently as it sat up, facing the direction from which it had come.

Then I spied a long, slender brown animal that I afterwards learned was a weasel gliding toward it. The little rabbit either was totally exhausted or was hypnotized, for it made no further effort to escape; and I myself was so startled that I could do nothing to avert the impending tragedy. Just then there was another commotion in the brush, and the mother rabbit sprang into the glade and stopped directly in front of the foe; she sat up on her haunches; her forefeet were thrust out, and her big teeth were gleaming. The weasel turned to attack her, and there might have been a thrilling fight; but at that moment all a small boy's longing for a menagerie seemed to well up within me, and I had a wild desire to capture all three of the animals.

Uttering a loud cry for my father to come quick, I dropped my berry pail and rushed forward with hands extended. At the sound of my voice, however, the old rabbit and her deadly enemy disappeared among the bushes; the little rabbit became my prisoner, but I soon released her. Could any animal have acted more courageously than the mother rabbit?

ANÆSTHESIA WITH A CLUB

THE use of anesthetics in surgical operations is not a modern invention. Thousands of years ago, says a writer in Hearst's International Magazine, surgeons knew of anesthetics and used them.

They trepanned skulls; they amputated arms and legs and performed the Cæsarian section, and they did all of those things with the help of anesthetics. They commonly used vegetable drugs such as morphine and hashish and alcohol. The ancient races of South America preferred the leaves of plants containing cocaine. The surgeons of ancient Egypt, who probably were the most skillful of antiquity, had a method of their own. They hit the patient on the head with a club and operated while he was unconscious; they fitted wooden blocks to the head to protect the skull from fracture and the scalp from injury. The mallet with which they hit the block was also of wood. The art of hitting just hard enough and at exactly the right point was a delicate one. No doubt the expert at this scientific blackjacking was as much respected in ancient Egypt as the skilled anesthetist is respected today in New York or Paris.

HIGHFALUTING

FAMOUS in his day in the realm both of scholarship and of politics, Sir James Mackintosh was so amiable a man that he simply could not refrain from praising wherever praise was possible. Often he would give praise in circumstances where it was quite uncalled-for and might better have been omitted. He had also a habit of elaborating his speech,

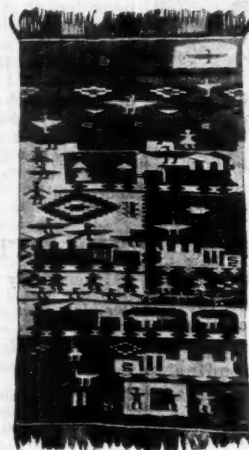
of clothing simple ideas in language too formal and ponderous to be suitable. One of his friends once amusingly parodied both those foibles in a mock peroration to a supposed speech in the House of Commons. It was composed in the era of horse-drawn vehicles, but was recently quoted in a London paper apropos of the recent escape of a member of Parliament from being demolished along with the taxicab that was taking him to the scene of his duties when it came into collision with a motor cycle.

"It is impossible to conclude these observations," the imaginary Sir James is made to say, "without expressing the obligation I am under to a person in a much more humble scene of life—I mean, sir, the hackney coachman by whom I have been driven to this meeting. To pass safely through the streets of a crowded metropolis must require on the part of the driver no common

assemblage of qualities. He must have caution without timidity, activity without precipitation and courage without rashness; he must have a clear perception of his object, and a dexterous use of his means. I can safely say of the individual in question that for a moderate reward he has displayed unwearied skill; and to him I shall never forget that I owe unfractured integrity of limb, exemption from pain and perhaps prolongation of existence!"

Sydney Smith, who doubtless wrote the parody, also perpetrated a briefer one, in a letter to Lord Holland, his friend and also the friend of Sir James Mackintosh. "It struck me last night, as I was lying in bed," he wrote gleefully, "that if Mackintosh were to write on pepper he would thus describe it:

"Pepper may philosophically be described as a dusty and highly pulverized seed of an Oriental fruit, an article rather of condiment than diet, which, dispersed lightly over the surface of food, with no other rule than the caprice of the consumer, communicates pleasure rather than



affords nutrition and, by adding a tropical flavor to the gross and succulent viands of the north, approximates the different regions of the earth, explains the objects of commerce and justifies the industry of man."

"CALLING DOWN" THE EAGLE

"THIS ascent is extremely trying," said the mild-mannered Mr. Crothers as he neared the end of his ten-thousand-foot climb. "One might get used to such work, but it would never be high in my esteem." Strong language, says his companion, who describes the climb in Field and Stream, was not a thing that Mr. Crothers often permitted himself to indulge in even in time of stress.

The two reached the summit, and while Mr. Crothers sat down to rest his companion, going to the brink of the precipice to see the view, remained gazing awestruck at a great golden eagle that was circling in majestic swoops just on the level with his head. The sight was so unusual that he signaled to Mr. Crothers to crawl over beside him. Mr. Crothers obeyed and for a few moments lay without saying a word. Then, addressing the eagle, he said with contempt and indignation:

"You rat-catching, sheep-stealing, carrion-eating rotter! As the messenger of Jove you were a fake. You are called the king of birds; you don't deserve the title. It's a misnomer; your habits are low and your mind is cowardly. Yet here you are at the top of this impossible mountain. You're here with no purpose other than to be away from there. You haven't any more sense than to be circling round in a vacuum as if you didn't know what short wind and dead muscles were. You blamed hook-nosed upstart, what do you mean by it when your betters have to crawl up with sweating and groaning to be tired out when they arrive? Here you are fresh and cocky and ambitious—and calling it fun!"

He shook his fist at the bird, which, screaming in defiance or alarm, wheeled and was gone. The climbers stood up in silence. Mr. Crothers's chest somehow did not look so narrow, and certainly his wind was much better.

SAFETY FIRST ON THE PLAINS

IT is a slow-witted wolf that will allow the hunter to catch him napping nowadays. Among wolves, says Mr. Enos A. Mills in his book *Watched by Wild Animals*, the "safety-first" motto appears to be: Avoid being seen by a man; and never, never touch anything that carries the scent of man or of iron or steel.

So thoroughly have wolves learned that man is likely to be dangerous that one night some hunters in Wyoming were content to leave a freshly killed elk lying on the ground in a wolf-infested region, protected only by a handkerchief that they had tied to one of the horns. In another instance a hunter left a deer out all night in wolf country and kept the wolves away merely by rubbing his hands over the carcass.

Coyotes also are wary; their keen wits seem to be always awake. One day a man carrying a gun strolled into a field at an isolated cattle ranch where hunting was forbidden. The appearance of the man differed little from that of some men near by who were carrying fishing poles, but the wise coyotes either scented or could distinguish the gun and knew what it was for. Presently all hurried away. While the gunner remained at least one of the coyotes sat where he could overlook the field. Within a few minutes after the man had gone all came strolling back.

HE DESERVED TO BE FORGIVEN

THE retort courteous but sarcastic was never made more neatly than by the Abbé de Voisenon, a Frenchman who had had the misfortune to offend Prince de Condé. When the abbé sought to make his peace with the soldier the prince rudely turned his back on him.

"Thank heavens, sir," cried the priest, "I have been misinformed. Your highness does not treat me as if I were an enemy."

The prince, taken by surprise, demanded why he thought so.

"Because, sir," answered the abbé, "your highness was never known in all your life to turn your back on an enemy."

Statement of ownership and management as required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1913.

The Youth's Companion, published weekly at Boston, Massachusetts, for October 19, 1922.

State of Massachusetts, County of Suffolk.
Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Edwin Stockin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is one of the owners of The Youth's Companion and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership and management of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor and managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher—Perry Mason Company, Boston, Mass.; Editor and Managing Editor—Charles M. Thompson, Cambridge, Mass.; Business Managers—Charles E. Kelsey, Newton Center, Mass.; Edwin Stockin, Watertown, Mass.; Francis W. Hight, Winchester, Mass.

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are none.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1922, Joseph W. Vinal, Notary Public.

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Ask any questions you wish about the contents of this page. They will be gladly answered

GIRLS' PAGE for OCTOBER

Address your letters to THE EDITOR OF THE GIRLS' PAGE, THE YOUTHS COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

LINOLEUM PRINTS

A NEW medium for making out-of-door sketches—one that will interest beginners as well as advanced art students and artists—is provided by the thickest quality of plain dark-colored floor linoleum, some heavy paper with a rough surface, oil paints, crayons and a sharp jackknife, or a tool, which you can get at an artist's supply shop or at a good hardware store, made especially for carving on wood or linoleum blocks.

If you have some sketches done from nature choose from them a landscape that will make a good composition within the shape and size of your piece of linoleum. In making linoleum prints you must suggest nature by flat tones. Therefore you will get the best results if you use a composition in which the tones are grouped in large masses of simple shape. Trees, water, and so on, shown in a conventionalized posterlike way make the best prints.

Draw the outlines of the composition on the linoleum with a soft pencil—a white one is best, for the white lines show up plainly on the dark color of the linoleum. Next fill in with the white pencil all the spaces of the landscape within the outlines that you wish to leave uncut, so that the portion that is to be cut away will remain of the plain color of the linoleum. If you use an ordinary pencil for the part that is to be uncut, use pen and ink for the other part. The illustration shows the kind of simplified treatment required for a landscape done in that way. The white of the paper corresponds to what would be the color of the linoleum—the part that is to be cut away—in the block.

The only technique necessary to cut the linoleum block properly is never to "undercut" the design—that is, always cut away from the edge of the mass that is to remain uncut. Doing that makes a beveled edge round the outline. Hold the knife in a firm grip, and, bearing down rather hard with the knife at about the same angle as a pencil takes when you are writing, begin to cut round the outlines. As you work turn the block in order always to keep the cutting edge of the knife pointed out and away from the portion of the linoleum that you wish to leave uncut.

Let the thickness of the linoleum determine the depth of the cut. With thin linoleum, cut down to the underlying fibre structure; with thick linoleum do not cut so far as that. The object is so to make the cutting that when you print, the paper, which you will place face down on the linoleum block, will touch only the spaces that you have left uncut and from which you wish to print.

When you have finished cutting, the block is ready for printing. Printer's ink is generally used when the prints are to be made on a printing press, but ordinary oil paints will give just as good results. Mix whatever color or combination of colors you wish on a palette or a piece of glass. Use no turpentine or oil if the paint is fairly soft when you squeeze it out of the tube. Make a little dauber from a square piece of cloth tied round some softer material, such as cotton batting, and with the dauber apply the paint to the surface of the linoleum block.

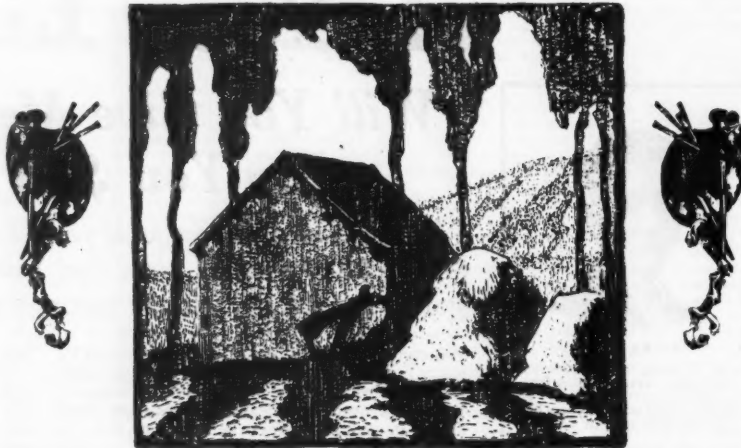
Take care not to get too much paint either on the dauber or on the block. The proper way to apply the color is not to draw or to smear it across the surface, but to put it on with an up-and-down movement that gives the desired result of evenness and smoothness. Never allow even very small particles of lint or of any foreign matter to be left on the block. They will make blotches in the finished print.

Now you are ready to use the paper. Choose any kind except smooth, shiny paper; the wrong side of gray cartridge wall paper is excellent for the purpose. Place a piece of paper of the proper size over the painted surface of the linoleum and—holding one edge of the whole carefully, so that the paper will not slip—rub over every portion of the block with the tips of the fingers of the other hand, with a firm, rotary motion. When the print is dry, color the design with crayons or pastels and fill in the spaces left unprinted with an even, flat tone.

Designs and color schemes must, of course, be worked out beforehand. It is a good plan to leave some spaces in the natural color of the paper. In making the sketch shown here, leave the portion that represents the sky as it is, of grayish paper. Color the paper to make the end of the barn a faded red or yellow, the sunlit side of the haystacks orange, and the patches on the hillside light green; and use soft pink and yellow to represent the patchwork effect of the intense cultivation of the hillside. Make the furrows in the foreground green or yellow. To print the block, use a fairly dark, blue-lavender paint. That represents better than any other color the tone of the portions of the shed and the haystacks that are in shadow, and it does very well for the dark, massed trees and for the hillside and the foreground.

Use your imagination. To make artistic prints you must get away from absolute realism; and remember that for the beginner the danger lies in a tendency to use too many rather than too few colors.

In learning to make good prints, steady practice is the only trustworthy teacher. Probably you will have to make several prints before you turn out a really good one, but you will be learning through your mistakes—such as putting too much or too little paint on the linoleum block, or rubbing too hard or not hard enough.



This block should be printed in a fairly dark blue-lavender paint on grayish paper, with the portions other than the key block touched in with harmonious colors. Tint the illustration with your water colors and you will have a suggestion of the finished print

Linoleum prints make attractive calendar backgrounds and place and gift cards. If they are good enough to frame, let the frame be close and of a dark color.

SUGGESTIONS FOR "SPREADS"

TO serve a delicious luncheon or supper in an unusual and attractive manner is a sure way to entertain with satisfaction.

Plate luncheons are good fun, and they are little trouble if you choose menus that consist of one substantial dish (with possibly a salad as an entrée), a wholesome sweet and an appetizing drink. You can get the large plates suitable for such luncheons in many attractive designs. Some are made with partitions to keep the several kinds of food apart, others are simply made unusually large.

Cottage dining tables and chairs—some painted with garlands of bright flowers and some painted in a plain, solid color—are pretty and inexpensive and they lend charm to a meal served in the dining room or before an open fire in the living room. With the help of paint and a stenciled design you can turn an old table and some old chairs into an attractive cottage set.

Use doilies—they are economical and attractive—instead of a tablecloth. Those of linen crash made into hemstitched squares or hemmed and edged with a pretty design are most effective. Or you can use doilies of colored linen in old blue, rose, gray-green or cream, according to the color scheme of the room.

A "self-service" supper is a practical and entertaining plan. Use uniform decorative trays of Japanese lacquer or painted trays of light wood, and place on each tray a plateful of the principal dish, a roll with butter inside and a glass or a cup and saucer for whatever you are to serve for drink, which should be poured at a central table. Have near the table a tea wagon to carry the extra things and the dessert (unless that must be kept hot).

If you have an electric chafing dish and percolator, you can prepare a delightful supper on the table before the meal hour and then use the trays or not, as you prefer. One girl whose friends often "drop in" for a light supper sets trays on a side table and tells each guest to get a tray and a chair and to find a place at the dining table.

Little pottery or brass bowls placed along the middle of a long table make charming bits of color. Fill the bowls with flowers, homemade sweets, nuts or fruits. To light the "spread" use tapers in brass candlesticks, or use several hanging lanterns fitted with electric lamps.

Don't use fine china. Pottery bowls or odd baking dishes, and even yellow or blue-and-white mixing bowls, will provide something quaint as well as serviceable. Paper napkins are sensible, cleanly and inexpensive.

As to what to serve for the main dish of a meal—here are a few suggestions that have proved their worth but that are not generally familiar.

Cheese Toast with Bacon.—To make the sauce, heat one pint of milk and when it has reached the boiling point thicken it with a creamy paste made of two tablespoonsful of flour and a little cold milk into which you have beaten one egg until the mixture is foamy. Set the whole at the back of the stove to simmer and add slowly one cupful of cheese cut into small pieces. As the cheese dissolves stir the mixture. Fry

very thin, lean bacon and have ready thin slices of toast. Pour the cream sauce over the toast and place a strip of bacon on top of each piece. Then sprinkle a very little grated cheese over the bacon. Serve the dish with olives.

Spaghetti of the Italians.—Boil four ounces of spaghetti until it is tender. Heat three quarters of a canful of tomatoes and press the contents through a sieve into the cooked spaghetti. Put through the meat grinder one quarter of a small onion, five slices of cooked bacon and one cupful of cooked ham, and add them to the mixture. Grease a baking dish with the grease from the cooked bacon and rub a slice of onion over the surface. Pour in the mixture, cover the top with cracker crumbs and bits of butter, and bake it until it is set and brown.

Lamb with Vegetables.—Cut even, rare, fairly thick pieces of roast or boiled lamb. Dip the pieces first into cream sauce, then into cracker crumbs, and fry them to a delicate brown. Have enough cream sauce to mix with half a canful of peas and asparagus tips. Pour the mixture round the cutlets and garnish the dish with parsley.

Ham Toast with Stuffed Eggs.—To a cream sauce add two cupfuls of chopped ham. Have ready some stuffed eggs and slices of toast. To make the stuffed eggs remove the yolk of hard-boiled eggs, mix it thoroughly with fine-minced chicken and with a little cream to blend the mixture to a paste, and refill the white of the eggs with the mixture. Pour the creamed ham over the toast and garnish each portion with two slices of the stuffed eggs. Place a little butter on the top of each slice of egg and set the dish in a hot oven until the butter melts and the eggs are hot.

AN ECONOMICAL CHEMISE

THE chemise shown here is cut in such a way as to save three quarters of a yard of material. It is made from one and one quarter yards of white crepe de Chine thirty-six inches wide. The shoulder straps and the ribbons at the waist and round the shoulders are of soft pink or blue.

Cut lengthwise from the material a strip eight inches wide. Sew the ends together and turn the lower edge to the wrong side. Use the selvage for the top of the chemise.

From the remaining piece cut off three inches crosswise; that will leave forty-two inches. Divide that piece in the middle and sew the sides together for twelve inches, leaving a nine-inch opening on each side at the lower edge. Then turn over the edge on top of the skirt to the right side, and join it to the top piece, letting the edges overlap one third of an inch. Leave an opening through which to run the ribbon that will hold the chemise in at the waistline. The bottom piece will be wider than the top; so make pleats at the sides of the skirt to allow it to fit the top piece.

Now roll the lower edge, whip on a narrow strip of small-patterned lace, and trim the top of the chemise with the same kind of lace.

From the three-inch-wide piece that remains, cut off a strip eight inches long. Double it, sew the edges together, turn the finished piece, and join one end to the middle of the lower edge of the skirt at the back. With buttons or snaps join the other end to the front of the skirt.

The ribbons for the shoulder straps should be one inch wide



and twelve inches long. A good way to keep them from slipping from the shoulders is to use three pieces of narrow ribbon for each strap. Sew them together in the middle, then sew the loose ends to the chemise, at points about a quarter of an inch apart; in that way they will give a broad base to each strap that will hold it in place, and that will not easily be torn.

Very slender girls will require only one yard of material for the chemise. In making it, fasten the opening in the back with buttons, make pleats in the skirt at the back, and gather the rest of the skirt to fit the top. Otherwise, follow the directions already given.

You may like to use pink material instead of white. If you use pink, be sure that you get a very delicate shade; any color brighter than that is in poor taste. For shoulder straps use ribbons of the same color as the material, and for the drawing strings round the waist and shoulders use pale blue ribbons. That will give you a combination of colors that is distinctive and pleasing without being startling.

If you prefer, use silk muslin for the chemise. It is cheaper than crepe de Chine and, like it, can be bought in a delicate shade of pink. Cotton materials are even less expensive.



Dress Accessories

It is in the Girls' Page for November



CHOOSE THE IMPORTANT IN SCHOOL LIFE

IT is natural that girls who are about to enter high school should wish to begin right, in order that they may get all the pleasure and profit that they can out of their four years' course; but it is not always easy to determine what are the interests that are most worth while among the varied, new and fascinating attractions of high-school life. There are the literary and the debating societies, the wide field of athletics, the school magazine or paper, the school plays and social gatherings, and the jolly class parties.

To take part in everything is impossible. You must reserve sufficient time and strength to study and to keep your hold upon the interests and activities of home. The problem is to choose what you can do justice to and what will be of greatest value to you.

Don't try to take on too much in your first year. Remember that the most influential seniors were once obscure freshmen—but they were studying conscientiously, and so laying a foundation for the future. Be a good student. Interest your teachers. To amount to anything in school you must have the respect and good will of the faculty, and the one thing that is sure to win and hold it is sustained good scholarship. If you are not doing good work, you have no time for other school activities.

But if your class work is satisfactory and you still have time, the next thing is to join a good club or some other social group. In most high schools there are worth-while organizations that are open to all; if you have not been asked to join one of the exclusive clubs, join one of the inclusive bodies.

Attend all your class meetings and take an interest in the things that are discussed and done there. If you have something that you wish to say, say it. You have just as much right to be heard as any other student has. There will be class parties too, and you should attend them, for it is well to take part in the social life of the school. You will remember the good times that you had and the friends that you made on such occasions long after your algebra has grown rusty.

When you have done those things you will have laid a good foundation for a successful school career. You have started well on your school work, and you have won new friends—and perhaps new confidence in yourself through your class and club work and play. For the ordinary freshman that is enough, but there are some girls who are quite capable of doing more without undue strain. If you are strong and well and if your school work is going as it should, you may be one of the exceptional ones; but be sure that you are, for whatever you undertake you should do well.

If you are interested in athletics, try for one of the class teams; if you make it this year, you may make the school team next year. If you have a gift for writing, contribute to the columns of the school paper and enter whatever literary contests the school may hold. You may not win recognition at once, but persistent work is sure to be appraised justly before you leave school.

Debating will give you valuable training. Members of school debating teams are usually among the most prominent and influential students, and rightly so, for to debate well requires time, ability and hard work. Dramatics also offer fascinating work but, like debating, they take time. If you like to sing, join the glee club. Before you decide what special interest you will adopt, ask yourself whether you have time for it without neglecting your school work. Is it suited to your ability? Will it be helpful to you in any way in the work that you intend to do later? But when once you have decided on what you want to do keep at it until you succeed.

Ask any questions you wish about the contents of this page. They will be gladly answered.

FAMILY PAGE for OCTOBER

Address your letters to THE EDITOR OF THE FAMILY PAGE, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

CUTTING AND SPLITTING WOOD

THE present scarcity and high cost of coal have driven many people to the use of wood who in ordinary times use coal. But wood too is expensive, and for those who have a supply growing on their own land, or who can buy it on the stump at a moderate price, it is worth while to know how they can cut and split it with the least work.

In felling trees for lumber, the saw has largely taken the place of the axe. It makes logs with better ends, and it leaves shorter stumps and therefore is more economical. But in cutting firewood it is of small account, for most trees that are large enough to be cut to better advantage with a saw are large enough to make lumber, and therefore it is wasteful to use them for fuel. In cutting cordwood, then, the axe is now, as it always has been, the chief implement.

There is nothing in this country so distinctively American as the woodsman's axe—unless it is that other tool of the lumberman, the peavey. The first settlers found a heavily wooded continent, and their first task was to fell trees enough to build a cabin, and after that to clear land for crops. They brought with them the European axe, a tool about as effective against the great trees of our American forests as the battle-axe that it so much resembles would have been in taking Vimy Ridge. To describe it, and to show how different from our American axe is, require some elementary definitions. The cutting edge is known as the bit; the head, or end opposite the cutting edge, is the pole (a misspelling or corruption of poll that has become legitimized); and the mortise, or hole that takes the handle, is the eye; the sides of the blade just above the cutting edge are called the cheeks. The old word for the handle used to be heive, but it is now little used.

The European axe had—and has—a very wide bit that narrows back in an inward-sweeping curve to the eye, which was little more than a loop of metal to hold the handle; therefore the weight was almost all in the blade. The pole was rounded and therefore useless for driving stakes or wedges.

The American axe is really the product of the country blacksmith, and since different localities produce different kinds of forests, and the blacksmiths made axes to suit their customers, there are scores of different patterns; but in comparison with the European axe all of them have narrower bits and heavier poles, and the pole usually has square corners and edges that make it useful, on occasion, as a sledge. It is one of the most efficient tools that man has ever invented. A good woodsman will build a tight, warm cabin and furnish it, with no other tools than an axe and an auger.

What kind of axe to choose must depend upon the use to which you intend to put it. For felling trees, one with a narrow bit is preferable; for splitting, one with a wider bit, thicker in the cheek, and of somewhat greater weight. The kind of wood is another element to be considered. For hard wood most choppers prefer a narrow bit and a moderate weight; for soft wood, a broader bit and greater weight. The weight, which includes only the metal part of the axe, runs from two pounds up to four and a half and even five pounds; but the inexperienced chopper, unless he is a very strong, vigorous man, will do well to avoid a heavy axe. From two and a half to three and a half pounds is the best weight to choose.

The thickness of the blade and where the thickness comes in another matter—and a very important one—to consider. At least one half the physical labor of cutting and splitting wood is in withdrawing the axe from the cut. The thing to look for, therefore, is an axe that will not only enter deep but come out easily. For that you must look to the cheek, which is the slight swelling in the thickness of the blade just above the cutting edge. Too much cheek makes an axe hard to drive into the wood, too little makes it hard to withdraw. An axe with rather a thin edge works better in hard wood, one with a thicker edge better in soft wood.

The diversity of uses to which the same axe must often be put led to the production of the double-bitted axe, which has two cutting edges. By keeping one edge ground to a rather blunt

wedge shape and the other ground to a longer, sharper wedge, the chopper is equipped for whatever task he may have to do. If he is cutting hard wood, he will use the thin bit. For cutting soft wood he will be more likely to use the thick edge, and for lopping off the limbs of soft-wood trees, and especially the dead limbs, he will most certainly use the thick edge, since the limbs and knots of pine, spruce, hemlock, fir, hackmatack and other cone-bearing trees are extremely hard and bony—harder even than the knots of hard wood—and are likely to chip the edge of a thin bit.

The handle and the "hang" of an axe are as important as the shape of the metal part. Most of the commercial handles are too short and far too crooked to satisfy the experienced chopper. The best wood for an axe handle is hickory, white or "blue" oak, second-growth maple and hornbeam. It should be straight in grain and free from knots and seasoning cracks, and the less crook it has the better. The head should be so set on that a straight line drawn from the lower edge of the end of the handle will touch the center of the cutting edge of the bit. It is that angle between the edge of the bit and the handle that is called the "hang" of the axe, and unless it is right chopping is unpleasant and difficult, and may be dangerous.

To sum up: The best possible axe for general work is one of the shape known as the "Aroostook wedge," and a good name it is, for the axe head is nothing but a plain wedge of steel, tapering, when the axe is new, in absolutely straight lines from pole to cutting edge. It has great cutting power, throws a chip well, and does not bind, and the thick, heavy pole makes it useful as a sledge. The handle should be straight, or almost straight, handmade, of second-growth maple, and of a length suited to the chopper's height and length of arm—a matter to be determined only by trial. The weight should be from two and three quarters to four pounds. Finally, the axe should be kept sharpened—on a grindstone, not an emery wheel—to an edge as keen as that of a good pocketknife, and should be ground back a little farther every time it is sharpened, to keep the edge from becoming too thick.

In felling a tree, the first thing to do is to make up your mind where you want it to fall, and that should depend chiefly on the young growth round it. Plan to drop your tree where it will do the least harm. But if you are cutting clean,—that is, cutting everything,—you need consider only where you can work the tree into firewood most conveniently after it is down.

Your first cut should be on the side toward which the tree is to fall. Strike alternately at the bottom and the top of the cut, the two faces of which should be at an angle of forty-five degrees or a little less when they have reached, or passed a little, the heart of the tree; therefore let your first two strokes be far enough apart to allow that angle. If they are too near together, your cut, to reach the heart, will grow narrower and narrower, and you will have to do unnecessary work in widening it, in order to get the proper depth.

When the first cut has reached the heart or gone a little beyond it, begin the second one, on the opposite side, and two or three inches higher. Give it about the same pitch as the other, and continue it until the tree begins to crack or sway. Then stand well out to one side. It is never safe to stand behind a falling tree, for a long splinter will sometimes flip back that would impale a man like a bayonet.

Your tree being down, lop off the limbs close to the trunk by cuts made from the direction of the butt toward the top, and draw them to one side, so that they will not be in your way.

In cutting the trunk and the larger limbs into cordwood length use either the axe or a crosscut saw, as you find the one or the other easier to handle. As a rule trees more than six inches in diameter can be worked up more quickly with the saw.

Whether you will split your wood in four-foot lengths or wait till you have sawed it into stove lengths will depend of course on the size of it. If it is small enough to handle in the round, wait; if not, you will have to split it. All woods split more easily when green than when dry, and if you can strike true you may be able to do the work with the axe. In that case use one that has a thick and not too sharp edge and is rather heavy; and as you bring it down give it a little sidewise twist just as it enters the wood. That makes a lever of it and gives it a prying as well as a cutting force.

The easiest and safest way to work is to rest one end of the log on the ground, let the end that you are to strike lie at right angles across another small log—say four inches in diameter—and straddle it. If you find that you cannot split the logs with an axe, you will have to use wedges. You can make them yourself, of the hardest wood you can find, or you can buy iron ones. The wooden ones you can



The axe is one of the most efficient tools that man has ever invented

drive with the pole of the axe, but for the iron ones you will need a beetle or a sledge, for striking them with the axe will spread the eye.

Most of the woods in common use for fuel split easily, though they differ. White ash is the easiest to split, and gray birch, elm, hornbeam and eucalyptus are the most difficult. Elm, in fact, is so tenacious that almost the only way to work up large chunks is to "slab" them; that is, to strike off slices or slabs from the edge, all the way round the circumference, and so gradually work in toward the heart.

When your wood is in stove length the easiest and the only safe way to split it is to place it on a large chopping block. If the pieces are large enough to stand firm, set them on end; if not, lay them flat side down and strike them in such a way that the point, and not the whole cutting edge, of the axe strikes first. If the wood does not split, yet holds the axe too firmly to let it be withdrawn, raise axe and wood together and strike on the chopping block with the poll of the axe. If you slam the wood down on the block the splitting force is only your strength plus the weight of the axe, but when you strike with the back of the axe and let the wood drive on, the splitting force is your strength plus the weight of the wood, which is usually much greater than that of the axe.

If your wood has got so dry that it splits hard, it is because the outer layers have become, through seasoning, a tough, fibrous, insulating protection against the axe. The remedy is to let it get thoroughly wet again, when it will split like green wood.

As to economy of labor in cutting firewood, you will find it neither in the smallest nor in the largest trees. Those that are from six to ten inches in diameter will work to better advantage than those that are either smaller or larger.

In cutting cordwood, as in most other manual work, there are precautions to be observed. The danger of standing in front of a falling tree is too obvious to require mention, and that of standing behind a tree about to fall has already been mentioned. It is well also to keep in mind that a branch or a twig may catch or divert the axe, so "swamp" or trim well round your tree before you begin to chop. As for the axe itself, it is always a source of

danger. Never leave it leaning against a tree, where you may stumble against it. Strike it firmly into a stump or a log; and when you go back and forth carry it with your hand round the heave, close down to the head, with the bit turned out at right angles away from you, and the arm and hand hanging naturally. That is the woodsman's way.

And now, having cut your wood and got it under cover, pile some of it in the fireplace, and put some kindling under it in front, and tuck a few pieces of birch bark under the whole, and touch a match to it, and watch the smoke curl up and the flames leap out, and the sparks go whirling up the chimney; and then lean back in your easy-chair and enjoy the feeling that your present comfort is the fruit of your own labor, and that, as Thoreau said, your wood warms you twice.

MARKETING

V. How Food Prices Are Set

WE say that the law of supply and demand fixes the price of whatever we sell or buy. That is true, but growing and distributing farm products are such a far-spreading business that sometimes it is hard to see the law at work.

For example, a few years ago there was an active demand in the East St. Louis market for horses. Montana shippers sent in carloads, only to find that there was no market for them. The buyers wanted heavy, harness-broken horses. The shippers sent in light, unbroken horses.

Another example of the same law at work is seen in the prices paid for different grades of wheat. If the millers happen to want some extra heavy wheat in order to bring their milling mixture up to the standard set by good milling practice, they will bid up the market for it far above the prices offered for the poorer grades, although there may be low-grade wheat in plenty to be had at bargain prices.

So it is fair to conclude that there may be a great supply of wheat on the market but very little demand for the grade offered, whereas for some other grade of wheat there may be a very short supply and a keen demand. The fact is that of every

product of the farm there are several market grades, and the buyer who must have one of those grades does not think of the entire supply but considers only the small portion of it that meets his needs.

As a result of the narrowing down of the buyer's choice the farmer who produces really good crops is almost uniformly in a better position to sell than the farmer whose crops are of second-rate quality; and, since the choice of the crop and how it is cared for largely determine the quality and the yield, the importance of choosing good seed and cultivating the crop carefully cannot be overemphasized. That rule applies also to choosing and breeding live stock. The time to market steers is before they are born.

Often the crop can be improved a great deal after it has been grown. Grain that is clean sells for enough more, as a rule, to warrant the expense of cleaning it. Potatoes that are graded by excluding the small and the poor stock find a better and easier market than ungraded potatoes.

Fruit of all kinds must be graded for size and quality if it is to find its way to a paying market. Steers and hogs of even size, breed and color sell better on the live-stock markets than mixed lots do. A well-matched team of horses will far outsell a poorly-matched team.

So it is with every product of the farm. Quality, attained by right selection and proper breeding and handling of the crop, must be secured by culling out the unfit, so that the buyer may feel that he is getting real usable value for his entire purchase. There is very seldom an oversupply of first-class food on the market, but there is often too much poor, ungraded food. When that happens some of the poor food goes to waste, which means loss to the owner and a shorter food supply for the world.

From July until October the farmers of the United States and Canada are busy harvesting their wheat. Much of the crop goes direct to the country elevators and is sold there. If the price does not appeal to the farmer, he holds his wheat for sale in the winter or the spring. But before he sells a great many things may happen to influence the price, apart from any effect upon the market that his holding his crop back may have. Siberia and eastern Europe harvest their wheat at the same time that we here in America harvest ours. The full effects of a drought in Roumania may not have appeared at the time our wheat first begins to go to market, and when the knowledge does come to the men who deal in wheat it may cause a sharp advance in the price; or it may happen that a farmer holds his wheat until the winter months, when the harvests of Argentina and Australia are in full swing. One or both of those great wheat-producing countries may have a "bumper" crop, and wheat may sink lower than ever before in price.

If there is a good wheat crop in every wheat-growing country in the world, there will be a slight excess of wheat, and all countries that grow wheat will try to sell their surplus crop to the buying markets. That makes a "cheap" market, just as a shortage in a leading wheat-producing country may make a "dear" market.

It is in some such manner as has just been described that prices for the crops produced on the farm are set the world over. On the one hand are millions of consumers accustomed to have bread on their tables, and sugar and tea and bacon and eggs for breakfast. If there is a short supply of any one of those articles, the market "jumps" because the consumer insists that he have his usual supply. In that case it is consumer bidding against consumer that makes the high price. If, on the other hand, there is an oversupply, the growers are in effect bidding against one another in an effort to sell to consumers who do not care to buy unless at a price that appeals to them as a "bargain."

That is the law of supply and demand acting naturally. Sometimes other things, like a shortage of cars or a dock strike, interfere considerably with the free movement of food from the place where it is grown to the place where the consumer wants it; or sometimes a speculator attempts to "corner" some article of food. Then we hear a great deal about "manipulation" of the market. Doubtless such interference can do a great deal of harm, but at its worst it is temporary, and the years strike a sort of average whereby the world grows about as much food as it needs; and prices adjust themselves to what the consumer will pay.



All woods split more easily when green than when dry



Lop off the limbs with cuts toward the top of the tree

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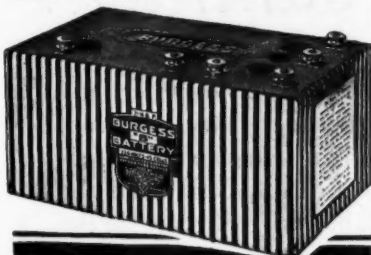
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DISCOLORATION OF THE SKIN

THE color of the skin varies greatly, not only in the different races of mankind but in the individuals of the same race and from time to time in the same person. The color of the skin is such a characteristic racial feature that men are divided into the white, the black, the yellow and the red races; and in the West Indies it is usual to speak of a brown race.

What causes the difference in color is the presence of pigment in the deeper part of the epidermis; so the difference really is only skin-deep, and if there were no other distinguishing racial characteristics the color of the skin would be of little moment. Long exposure to the weather, sun or wind, turns the uncovered parts of the skin of the white race dark, as we see in the coat of tan that city dwellers proudly bring back with them from their summer outings. But it is not weather or climate that causes racial differences in color, for in America, in Africa and in Eastern Asia we find red men, black men and yellow men all living under identical climatic conditions. Moreover, the black races do not grow lighter when removed to northern climes; nor do whites become permanently darkened from the tropics.

A change in the color of the skin is often an important indication of disease. A yellow discoloration—jaundice—points to disease of the liver or to some form of blood poisoning. A blue discoloration—cyanosis—indicates imperfect aeration of the blood in consequence of a weakened heart, clogging of many of the air cells in the lungs, as in pneumonia, and so forth. A "blue baby" is one born with an opening between the two sides of the heart, so that much of the venous blood, instead of being sent to the lungs to be aerated, is returned with all its impurities and lack of oxygen into the arteries. In Addison's disease the skin and the mucous membranes are permanently stained brown. Prolonged use of nitrate of silver as a medicine occasionally colors the skin bluish gray.

In the skin disease known as vitiligo the skin is decolorized; chalky areas of various sizes appear chiefly on the face, the neck and the backs of the hands. The affection is more common in the black races. The evanescent and partial discolorations of the skin that usually are called eruptions are also distinctive symptoms of acute disease, a study of which often aids the physician in his diagnosis of a fever.

AMUSING ANSWERS

IN addition to the many curious answers that Mr. Edison's questionnaire has provoked a new list comes from a writer in the Review of Reviews, who confined his questions to college graduates. Many of the answers are amusing:

Tierra del Fuego, we learn, is in Mexico and also in Spain. The Selkirk Mountains are in Sweden, Dakota, Tennessee, Spain and Scotland. The Wyoming Valley is placed by general consent in Wyoming. Kamchatka is a mountain in Japan and also in the Adirondacks. Albuquerque is in Louisiana, in Canada and in French Africa. The capital of Maine is Portland and Bangor and Bengal! Two candidates would have the Rock of Gibraltar on their right as they entered the Mediterranean. Pamlico Sound is on Long Island, in Nova Scotia and in the place where we have always supposed Puget Sound to be. Montauk Point is in Maine, in Connecticut and in Nova Scotia. The Gobi Desert is in New Mexico and Arizona; but the equilibrium of the earth is preserved by the presence of the Painted Desert both in Asia and in Africa!

Three leguminous plants are cabbage, lettuce and spinach. Conifers are described as trees that bear fruit yearly, as broad-leaved trees and as trees like cypress and birch. Asked to name eight fruit trees, several men stopped at six; one named the grape, and another the blackberry!

Great diversity of opinion exists with regard to the prevalent beast of burden in the Andes. The "llama" and the "alpeca" are both mentioned.

The function of baking powder is to sweeten the bread by preventing acidity and alkalinity. One man reasoned that, since the important ingredient of coffee is caffeine, tea ought in all fairness to be called taffeine.



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